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THE TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS, And private EJACULATIONS.

BY

Mr. *George Herbert*, late ORATOUR of the University of *CAMBRIDGE*.

The seventh Edition, with an Alphabeticall Table for ready finding out chief places.

PSAL. 29.
In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

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The Printer to the Reader.

THe Dedication of this Work having been made by the Authour to the Divine Majesty onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from Helicon. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity, with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in it self. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgment, and to the benefit that he shall finde by perusal. Onely for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the minde, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excelency, whereof his

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Fellowship of Trinity *College in* Cambridge, *and his Oratourship in the University, toge. ther with that knowledg which the Kings Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, chusing rather to serve at Gods Altar, than to seek the honour of State-imployments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing Verses bear witness of, they detract not from the freedom, but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a Patern or more for the Age he lived in.*

To testifie his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kinde, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed Name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, *to add,* My Master.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is,

his

his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole World, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the Discipline thereof, was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private Devotions, yet went he every Morning and Evening with his Family to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his Parishioners to accompany him daily in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiastical Dignity, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by publick Collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a Friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he

made answer, It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of CHRIST: *Otherwise than in this respect he could finde nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.*

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which We have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing Book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour;

Less than the least of Gods mercies.

¶ The

¶ The Dedication.

LOrd, my firſt fruits preſent themſelves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,
And muſt return. Accept of them and me,
And make us ſtrive, who ſhall ſing beſt thy Name.
Turn their eys hither, who ſhall make a gain:
Their's, who ſhall hurt themſelves or me, refrain.

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FINIS.

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

Perirrhanterium.

THou, whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure;
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

Beware of lust, it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptisme washt with his own blood.
It blots the lesson written in thy Soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allowes thee choice of paths: take no by-waies;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and staies.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both, and so
If rottennesse have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' incloser: but since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure to be crosse, he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glaſs, which thou canſt not tame
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayſt rule it, as thou liſt: and poure the ſhame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
It is moſt juſt to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his Mother kill
Big with his Siſter: he hath loſt the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himſelf: all kind of ill
Did with his liquor ſlide into his veins.
The Drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deveſt
All wordly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe another's wine-ſprung mind,
Loſe all mine own? God hath giv'n me a meaſure
Short of his canne and body: muſt I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleaſure?
Stay at the third glaſs: if thou loſe thy hold,
Then thou art modeſt, and the Wine grows bold.

If reaſon move not Gallants, quit the room,
(All in a ſhipwrack ſhift their ſeverall way)
Let not a common ruine thee intomb:
Be not a beaſt in curteſie; but ſtay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.
Wine above all things doth Gods ſtamp deface.

Yet, if thou ſin in Wine or wantonneſs,
Boaſt not thereof, nor make thy ſhame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by ſubmiſſiveneſs;
But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtory:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defie
With his poor clod of earth the ſpacious ſky.

Take

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuſe.
Luſt, and Wine plead a pleaſure, avariee gain;
But the cheap Swearer through his open ſluce
Lets his Soul run for nought, as little fearing.
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

When thou doſt tell anothers jeſt, therein
Omit the Oathes, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the ſin.
He pares his Apple that would cleanly feed.
Play not away the vertue of that name, (tame.
Which is thy beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee

The cheapeſt ſins moſt dearly puniſht are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away thy ſouls fair heap.
If thou wilt dye, the gates of Hell are broad:
Pride and full ſins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and thoſe that fear the rod;
The ſtormy working ſoul ſpits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

Fly idleneſs, which yet thou canſt not fly
By dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and complement.
If thoſe take up thy day, the Sun will cry
Againſt thee: for his light was only lent. (thers
God gave thy ſoul brave wings; put not thoſe fea-
Into a bed, to ſleep our all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe:
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jawes: if Souldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked Sword
Throughout the world. Fool not: for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O *England* full of sin, but most of sloth!
Spit out thy phlegme, and fill thy breast with glory:
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy story:
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education,
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son:
Some mark a Partridge, never their Childs fashion:
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great designe;
And if Gods Image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A masterring mind; so both are lost thereby:
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
For he that needs five hundred pounds to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy Son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest, before his Trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment, climbes a hill
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pounds his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When

When thou dost purpose ought within thy power,
Be sure to do it, though it be but small.
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stowre,
When wanton pleasures becken us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What Nature makes a Ship, he makes a Shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay hypocrisie:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth: diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconses, if thy stomach call;
Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talkes, to all:
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,
And say withall, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but man?
Houses are built by rule, and Common wealths.
Entice the trusty Sun, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; beckon the sky;
Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a thop of rules, a well truss'd pack,
Whose every parcell under writes a law.
Lose not thy self, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self: see what thy soul doth wear:
Dare to look in thy Chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it: else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairely part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evill;
Least gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the Conjurers Devill;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the Devill hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch, but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take stars for money; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wastfull as the scraping dame:
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By

By no means run in debt: take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for it selfe too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his Tayler chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale beleived for their oathes
And are like empty vessels under sail.
Old Courtiers know this: therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomnes doth bear the bell.
Wisdome's a trimmer thing then shop e're gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousnes is a perpetuall wooing
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plaies for more
Then he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his Wives too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants and Churches also play their part.
Onely a Herauld, who that way doth pass,
Finds his crackt name at length in the church (glasse.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old Gamesters dearly cost:
Do'st lose? rise up: dost win? rise in that state:
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
Game is a civill Gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In Converſation boldneſs now bears sway.
But know that nothing can ſo fooliſh be
As empty boldneſs: therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuff thy mind with ſolid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get ſubſtantiall worth,
Boldneſs gilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſowre?
Then keep ſuch company; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp Wife, a Servant that will lowre.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thy ſelf in chief. He lifes war knowes,
Whom all his paſſions follow as he goes.

Gately not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will breakt
By great deeds ſhew that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdome be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be poſ'd,
'Tis a thin web, which poyſonous fancies make:
But the great Souldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker ſtuff, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdome picks friends; civility playes the reſt,
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs leaſt:
For wit is newes onely to ignorance.
Leſs at thine own things laugh; leaſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport abuſes: for the fly
That feeds on dung is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Profaneneſs, filthineſs, abuſiveneſs.
These are the ſcum, with which courſe wits abounde
The fine may ſpare this well, yet not go leſs.
All things are big with jeſt: nothing that's plain
But may be witty if thou haſt the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer.
Haſt thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too deer.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the Van, and ſwallowes up the Cities.
The Gigler is a Milk-maid, whom infection
Or a far'd Beacon frighteth from his Dittied.
Then he's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is Cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſs:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in ſervice, care, or coldneſs
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his ſins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envie not greatneſs: for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own Worm: yet ſuch jealouſie
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpur. Correct thy paſſions ſpite;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baſeneſs is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the perſons ſake.
The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate;
And not the beaſt that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of State ſhould be
Not of rich Arras, but mean Tapeſtry.

Thy friend put in thy boſome: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may ſee what's there.
If cauſe require, thou art his Sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood muſt pay down all his fear.
But love is loſt, the way of friendſhip's gone,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Chriſt* his *John*.

Yet be not ſurety, if thou be a Father.
Love is a perſonall debt. I cannot give
My childrens right: nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends ſhould dye, then hinder them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her ſureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be ſingle, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more then all.
Give one eſtate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himſelf to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weakneſs ſcore.

In thy diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe,
All ſuch is courteous, uſefull, new, or witty.
Uſefulneſs comes by labour, wit by eaſe;
Courteſie grows in Court, news in the City.
Get a good ſtock of theſe, then draw the Card
That ſuits him beſt of whom thy ſpeach is heard,

Entice

Entice all neatly to what they know beſt;
For ſo thou doſt thy ſelf and him a pleaſure:
(But a proud ignorance will loſe his reſt,
Rather then ſhew his Cards) ſteal from his treaſure
What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The ſpeaker to thee, and preſerve thy ſtock.

If thou be Maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
That thou canſt ſpeak, at once; but husband it,
And give men turns of ſpeech: do not foreſtall
By laviſhneſs thine owne and others wit,
As if thou mad'ſt thy will. A civill gueſt
Will no more talk all, then eat all the feaſt.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceneſs makes
Error a fault, and truth diſcourteſie.
Why ſhould I feel another mans miſtakes
More then his ſickneſſes, or poverty?
In love I ſhould: but anger is not love,
Nor wiſdome neither: therefore gently move.

Calmneſs is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warme him at his fire,
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning Fencers ſuffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds: the bow that's bent
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere. (there

Mark what another ſayes: for many are
Full of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equall eare
Balance each dram of reaſon, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conqueſt, and confeſs a troth.

Be usefull where thou liv'st, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joyes go less
To that one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much then he that meanes a tree.
A graine of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a Feaver and a Lethargickness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour: take account of all;
Shine like the Sun in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;
And to instruct them will not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king)
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As Gnats destroy, so may a little Sling.
The cunning work-man never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All

All forreign wisdome doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amisse:
A good digestion turneth all to health:
And then, as far as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy naturall good, and naturalize
All forreign of that name; but scorn their ill:
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who followes all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'l run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.
Let thy minds sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Almes regard thy means, and others merit.
Think Heav'n a better bargain then to give
Onely thy single market-money for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something, to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods Image; but a poore man is
Christs stamp to boot: both Images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much given to God*; thou shalt be heard.
Let thy Almes go before, and keep Heav'n gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundaies observe: think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis Angels musick; therefore come not late:
God then deals blessings: If a King did so,
Who would not hast, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day his due is understood;
For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not cross.
Fast when thou wilt, but *then*, 'tis gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love:
And loves a weight to hearts, to eyes a signe.
We are all but cold suiters; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most; for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there then thou: for thou art there
Onely by his permission. Then beware,
And make thy self all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking: quit thy state.
All equall are within the Churches gate.

Resort to Sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest;
Stay not for th' other pin: why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thine heart; they spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the eare comes in.
Who marks in Church-time others symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plow, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purg'd his Temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well:
For Churches are either our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the Preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if all want sense,
God takes a Text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains,
He that by being at Church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With Saints on earth, shall one day with them (shine

Jest not at Preachers language or expression:
How knowst thou but thy sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him, whatsoe're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Master: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physitian.

None

None shall in Hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those who mock at Gods way of salvation.
Whom Oyl and Balsams kill, what Salve can cure?
They drink with greedinesse a full damnation.
The Jewes refused thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Summe up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely: play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least vertue: lifes poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pain:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remain.

¶ Super-

¶ Superliminare.

THou, whom the former Precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thy self in Church; approach, and taste
The Churches mysticall repast.

AVoid profaneness; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear;
Or that which groneth to be so,
May at his perill further go.

¶ The Alter.

A Broken ALTAR, Lord, thy Servant reares,
Made of a heart, and cemented with teares,
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame
No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart,
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy name.

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease
O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.

The Sacrifice.

OH all yee who paſs by, whoſe eyes and mind
To worldly things are ſharp, but to be blind;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find.
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Againſt their Maker: they do wiſh me dead,
Who cannot wiſh, except I give them bread.
Was ever grief. &c.

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian Slave.
They uſe that power againſt me, which I gave.
Was ever grief &c.

Mine own Apoſtle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To ſell me alſo, and to put me there.
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty pence he did my death deviſe,
Who at three hundred did the Ointment prize,
Not half ſo ſweet as my ſweet Sacrifice.
Was ever grief, &c.

Therfore my ſoul melts, and my hearts dear treaſure
Drops blood (the only beads) my words to meaſure:
Oh let this cup paſs, if it be thy pleaſure
Was ever grief, &c.

Theſe drops being temper'd with a ſinners tears,
A Balſam are for both the Hemiſpheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my Doctrine stain.
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their Lanterns do they seek the Sun!
Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and staves they seek me as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief;
Most true to those who are my greatest grief.
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?
Was ever grief, &c.

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury: yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.
Was ever grief, &c.

All my Disciples flee; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave that Star
That brought the wise-man of the East from far.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one Ruler to another bound
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound
What I taught; Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Priest and Rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschall Lamb of this great week.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then they accuſe me of great blaſphemy;
That I did thruſt into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery.
was ever grief like mine?

Some ſaid, that I the Temple to the floor
In three daies rais'd, and raiſed as before.
Why, he that built the World can do much more.
was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemne me all with that ſame breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my firſt breathing rendreth.
was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendſhip is my enmitie.
was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do ſet me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And onely am the Lord of hoſts and might.
was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgment ſits while I do ſtand,
Examines me with a cenſorious hand:
I him obey, who all things elſe command.
was ever grief, &c.

The *Jewes* accuſe me with deſpightfulneſs;
And vying malice with my gentleneſs,
Pick quarrels with their onely happineſs.
was ever grief, &c.

I anſwer nothing, but with patience prove
If ſtony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at Eagles with a Dove?
was ever grief, &c.

My

My ſilence rather doth augment their cry;
My Dove doth back into my boſome fly,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high.
Was ever grief like mine?

Heark how they cry aloud ſtill, *Crucifie:*
It is not fit he live a day, they cry,
Who cannot live leſs then eternally.
Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate, a ſtranger, holdeth off: but they,
Mine own dear people cry, *Away, Away,*
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and cry, and ſtop their eares,
Putting my life among their ſins and fears,
And therefore wiſh my blood *on them and theirs.*
Was ever grief, &c.

See how ſpite cankers things! Theſe words aright
Uſed, and wiſhed, are the whole worlds light:
But honey is their gall, brightneſs their night.
Was ever grief, &c.

They chooſe a murtherer, and all agree
In him to do themſelves a curteſie:
For it was their own cauſe who killed me.
Was ever grief, &c.

And a ſeditious murtherer he was:
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth paſs
All underſtanding, more then heav'n doth glaſs.
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, *Cæſar* is their onely King, not I:
He clave the ſtony rock, when they were dry;
But ſurely not their hearts, as I well try.
Was ever grief, &c.

Ah!

Ah! how they ſcourge me! yet my tenderneſs
Doubles each laſh: and yet their bitterneſs
Winds up my grief to a myſteriouſneſs.
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they liſt,
Who graſp the earth and heaven with my fiſt,
And never yet whom I would puniſh, miſs'd.
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they ſpit on me in ſcornfull wiſe,
Who by my ſpittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindneſs to mine enemies.
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine
As *Moſes* face was vailed, ſo is mine,
Leaſt on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine.
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now propheſie who ſtrikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themſelves all pitty.
Was ever grief, &c.

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for ſo with utmoſt breath,
That he before me wellnigh ſuffereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, dear friends, ſince I for both have wept
When all my tears were blood, the while you ſlept:
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Souldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuſe me all:
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then with a ſcarlet robe they me array;
Which ſhewes my blood to be the onely way,
And cordiall left to repaire mans decay.
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a Crown of thornes I wear,
For theſe are all the Grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my Vine planted and watred there.
Was ever grief. &c.

So fits the earths great curſe in *Adams* fall
Upon my head: ſo I remove it all
From th' earth unto my browes, and bear the thrall.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then with the Reed they gave to me before,
They ſtrike my head, the rock from whence all ſtore
Of heav'nly bleſſings iſſue evermore.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bow their heads to me, and cry, *Hail King.*
What ever ſcoffs or ſcornfulneſs can bring,
I am the floor, the ſink, where they it fling.
Was ever grief. &c.

Yet ſince mans Scepters are as frail as Reeds,
And thorny all their Crownes, bloudy their Weeds;
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Souldiers alſo ſpit upon that face,
Which Angels did deſire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to ſee, but found no place.
Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucifie him* cry with one ſtrong ſhout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.
Was ever grief, &c.

They

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own cloaths on, they lead me out agen.
Whom devils fly, thus is he toſs'd of men.
Was ever grief like mine?

And now weary of ſport, glad to ingroſs
All ſpite in one, counting my life their loſs,
They carry me to my moſt bitter Croſs.
Was ever grief, &c.

My croſs I bear my ſelf, untill I faint:
Then *Simon* bears it for me by conſtraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint.
Was ever grief, &c.

O all ye who paſs by, behold and ſee:
Man ſtole the fruit, but I muſt climb the Tree;
The Tree of Life to all, but onely me.
Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of ſin,
The greater world o'th'two: for that came in
By words, but this by ſorrow I muſt win.
Was ever grief, &c.

Such ſorrow, as if ſinfull man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not ceaſe to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all ſteel.
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'ſt thou me,
The Son, in whom thou doſt delight to be?
My God, my God ———
Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my ſoul, my body many a wound
Sharp nails pierce this, but ſharper that confound;
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left my crown
And fathers smile for you, to feel his frown.
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my self, there doth consist
All that salvation, which ye now resist;
Your safety in my sickness doth subsist.
Was ever grief, &c.

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas! what have I stolne from you? Death.
Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my subjects I'm condemn'd to dy
A servile death in servile company.
Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vineger mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.
Was ever grief, &c.

They part my garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes.
Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their spite shall further go:
For they will pierce my side, I full well know,
That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow.
Was ever grief, &c.

But now I dy; now all is finished,
My woe, mans weal: And now I bow my head.
Onely let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine?

The

¶ The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all kings onely due)
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep bloud? why, thou hast wept such store,
That all thy body was one door.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping thy dolefull story,
And side with thy triumphant glory?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod my posie? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloudy, hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And try who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give me wealth I will restore
All back unto thee by the poor.
If thou dost give me honour, men shall see
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be thine.
My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some Chappel, dy or live.
As for thy passion—But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predestination, I'le contrive,
That three years hence, if I survive,

I'le build a ſpittle, or mend common ways,
But mend mine own without delays.
Then I will uſe the works of thy creation,
As if I us'd them but for faſhion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My muſick ſhall finde thee, and ev'ry ſtring
Shall have his attribute to ſing;
That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
If thou wilt give me wit, it ſhall appear
If thou haſt giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will reade thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love;
Thy art of love, which I'le turn back on thee,
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for thy paſſion—I will do for that—
Alas! my God, I know not what.

¶ The Repriſal.

I have conſider'd it, and finde
There is no dealing with thy mighty paſſion:
For though I dy for thee, I am behinde;
My ſins deſerve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a diſ-entangled ſtate and free:
And yet thy wounds ſtill my attemps defie,
For by thy death I dy for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal glory didſt outgo me?
Couldſt thou not griefs ſad conqueſt me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet by confeſſion will I come
Into the conqueſt. Though I can do nought
Againſt thee, in thee I will overcome
The man who once againſt thee fought.

¶ The Agony.

PHiloſophers have meaſur'd mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of ſeas, of ſtates, and kings;
Walk'd with a ſtaff to heav'n, and traced fountains:
But there are two vaſt, ſpacious things,
The which to meaſure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that ſound them; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet; there ſhall he ſee
A man ſo wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloudy be.
Sin is that Preſs and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him aſſay
And taſte that juice, which on the croſs a pike
Did ſet again abroach; then let him ſay
If ever he did taſte the like.
Love is that liquour ſweet and moſt divine,
Which my God feels as bloud; but I as wine.

¶ The Sinner.

LOrd, how am I all Ague, when I ſeek
What I have treaſur'd in my memory!
Since, if my ſoul make even with the week,
Each ſeventh note by right is due to thee.

I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But shreds of holineſs, that dare not venture
To shew their face, ſince croſs to thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.

In ſo much dregs the quinteſſence is ſmall:
The ſpirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundreth part.
Yet Lord reſtore thine image, hear my call:
And though my hard heart ſcarce to thee can groan,
Remember that thou once didſt write in ſtone.

¶ Good-Friday.

O My chief good,
How shall I meaſure out thy blood?
How shall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, ſince one ſtar shew'd thy firſt breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, ſcore a grief?
Or cannot leafs, but fruit, be ſign
Of the true Vine?

Then

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That thy diſtreſs through all may run,
And be my ſun.

Or rather let
My ſev'ral ſins their ſorrows get;
That, as each beaſt his cure doth know,
Each ſin may ſo.

SInce blood is fitteſt, Lord, to write
Thy ſorrows in, and bloody fight;
My heart hath ſtore; write there, where in
One box doth ly both Ink and Sin:

That when Sin ſpies ſo many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodg there, Sin may ſay,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, O fill the place,
And keep poſſeſſion with thy grace;
Leſt Sin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

¶ Redemption.

HAving been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I reſolved to be bold,
And make a ſuit unto him, to afford
A new ſmall-rented-leaſe, and cancel th' old.

In heaven at his Mannour I him ſought:
They told me there that he was lately gone
About ſome land which he had dearly bought
Long ſince on earth, to take poſſeſſion.

I ſtraight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great reſorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noiſe and mirth
Of thieves & murderers: there I him eſpied,
Who ſtraight, *Your ſuit is granted*, ſaid, & died.

¶ Sepulchre.

O Bleſſed Body! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard ſtone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good ſtore;
For they can lodg tranſgreſſions by the ſcore:
Thouſands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave thee.

But that which ſhews them large, ſhews them unfit.
What ever ſin did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up ſtones to brain thee;
And miſſing this, moſt falſly did arraign thee; (thee,
Onely theſe ſtones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old the Law by heav'nly art
Was writ in ſtone; ſo thou, which alſo art
The letter of the Word, find'ſt no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we ſtill perſiſt as we began,
And ſo ſhould periſh, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold thee.

¶ Easter.

RIse heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise:
That, as his death calcined thee to dust.
His life may make thee Gold, and much more, Just.

Awake, my Lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The Cross taught all wood to resound his Name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both Heart and Lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or, since all musick is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I Got me flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

Lord, who created'ſt man in wealth and ſtore,
Though fooliſhly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poor.

With thee
O let me riſe
As Larks, harmoniouſly,
And ſing this day thy victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.

¶ Easter-wings.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory:
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me

¶ H. Baptiſm.

AS he that ſees a dark and ſhady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the ſky;
So when I view my ſins, mine eys remove
More backward ſtill, and to that water fly,
Which is above the heav'ns, whoſe ſpring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemers pierced ſide.
O bleſſed ſtreams! either ye do prevent
And ſtop our ſins from growing thick and wide,
Or elſe give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption meaſures all my time,
And ſpreads the plaiſter equal to the crime,
You taught the Book of Life my name, that ſo
What ever future ſins ſhould me miſcall,
Your firſt acquaintance might diſcredit all.

¶ H. Baptiſm.

SInce, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the paſſage, on my infancy
Thou didſt lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me ſtill
Write thee great God, and me a childe:
Let me be ſoft and ſupple to thy will,
Small to my ſelf, to others milde,
Behither ill.

Although by ſtealth
My fleſh get on; yet let her ſiſter
My ſoul bid nothing, but preſerve her wealth:
The growth of fleſh is but a bliſter;
Childhood is health.

Nature

¶ Nature.

FUll of Rebellion, I would dy
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou haſt ought to do with me
O tame my heart!
It is the higheſt art
To captivate ſtrong holds to thee.

If thou ſhalt let this venome lurk,
And in ſuggeſtions fume and work,
My ſoul will turn to bubbles ſtraight,
And thence by kinde
Vaniſh into a winde,
Making thy workmanſhip deceit.

O ſmooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend Law and fear:
Or make a new one, ſince the old
Is ſapleſs grown,
And a much fitter ſtone
To hide my duſt, then thee to hold.

¶ Sin.

LOrd, with what care haſt thou begirt us round!
Parents firſt ſeaſon us: then School-maſters
Deliver us to laws; they ſond us bound
To rules of reaſon, holy meſſengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, ſorrow dogging ſin,
Afflictions ſorted, anguiſh of all ſizes,
Fine nets and ſtratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of ſurpriſes,

Bleſſings

Blessings before hand, tyes of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

¶ Affliction.

When first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joys I writ down for my part
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me:
Thy glorious houshold-stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joys my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear.
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face.

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My days were straw'd with flow'rs and happiness;
There was no moneth but *May*
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for wo.

My

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones;
Consuming Agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends dy:
My mirth and edg was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Where as my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown,
I was intangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-byas me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show:
I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust
Her houshold to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ Repentance.

LOrd, I confess my sin is great;
Great is my sin. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentany bloom;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Mans age is two hours work, or three:
Each day doth round about us see,
Thus are we to delights: but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, *Adams* fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathed men.
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression.
I do confess
My foolishness;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou haſt pour'd into my ſoul:
Thy wormwood turn to health, windes to fair weather:
For if thou ſtay,
I and this day,
As we did riſe, we dy together.

When thou for ſin rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:
Bitterneſs fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them th'other parts.

But thou wilt ſin and grief deſtroy;
That ſo the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-ſet ſong,
Full of his praiſes,
Who dead men raiſes.
Fractures well cur'd make us more ſtrong.

¶ Faith.

LOrd, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
Thy wrath for ſin, as when mans ſight was dim
And could ſee little, to regard his eaſe,
And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a moſt delicious feaſt;
I had it ſtraight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehenſion cur'd ſo well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well near.

I owed

I owed thousands and much more;
I did believe that I did nothing ow,
And liv'd accordingly: my creditour
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And where sin placeth me in *Adams* fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger?

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise or strong had gained it:
Where now by faith all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledg bend & crouch,
While Grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the Sun
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright;
And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushy groves, pricking the lookers eye,
Vanisht away, when faith did change the scene:
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ Prayer.

PRayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n & earth,

Engine against th' Almighty, sinners towre,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear
The six-days world-transposing in an hour,
A kinde of tune, which all things hear and fear,

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well dreſt,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bels beyond the starsheard, the souls blood,
The Land of Spices, something understood.

¶ The H. Communion.

NOt in rich furniture, or fine aray,
Nor in a wedg of Gold,
Thou who for me wast sold,
To me dost now thy self convey;
For so thou should'st without me still have been,
Leaving within me sin:

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length;
Which spread their forces into ev'ry part,
Meeting sins force and art.

Yet

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as the out-works, they may controll
My rebell-flesh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Op'ning the souls most subtile rooms:
While those to spirits refin'd, at door attend
Dispatches from their friend.

GIve me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven:
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when *Adam* did not know
To sin, or sin to smother;
He might to Heav'n from Paradise go,
As from one room to another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this thy heav'nly bloud,
Which I can go to, when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

¶ Antiphon.

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. LEt all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,
His praiſe may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praiſes there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with Pſalms muſt ſhout,
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

¶ Love I.

IMmortal Love, authour of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
How hath man parcell'd out thy glorious Name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made,
While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which ſiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanſhip) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiſeth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou ſtanding by: and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernal pit,

Who ſings thy praiſe? onely a ſcarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, & make them write of love.

II.

IMmortal Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leſſer to it! let thoſe fires,
Which ſhall conſume the world, firſt make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts ſuch true deſires,

As may conſume our luſts, and make thee way.
Then ſhall our hearts pant thee; then ſhall our brain
All her invention on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymns ſend back thy fire again.

Our eys ſhall ſee thee, which before ſaw duſt;
Duſt blown by wit, till that they both were blinde;
Thou ſhalt recover all thy goods in kinde,
Who wert diſſeized by uſurping luſts:

All knees ſhall bow to thee; all wits ſhall riſe,
And praiſe him who did make and mend our eys.

¶ The Temper.

HOw ſhould I praiſe thee, Lord! how ſhould my rhymes
Gladly engrave thy loves in ſteel,
If what my ſoul doth feel ſometimes,
My ſoul might ever feel!

Al-

Although there were ſome fourty heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a ſcore;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to ſuch a vaſt extent;
Thoſe diſtances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou mete arms with man, that thou doſt
A crumb of duſt from heav'n to hell? (ſtretch
Will great God meaſure with a wretch?
Shall he thy ſtature ſpell?

O let me, when thy roof my ſoul hath hid,
O let me rooſt and neſtle there:
Then of a ſinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for ſure thy way is beſt:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debter:
This is but tuning of my breaſt,
To make the muſick better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with duſt,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and truſt
Make one place ev'ry where.

¶ The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mighty Joy,
Which juſt now took up all my heart?
Lord, if thou muſt needs uſe thy dart,
Save that, and me, or ſin for both deſtroy.

The

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and raſe,
And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May alſo fix their reverence:
For when thou doſt depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or binde them all to bend to thee:
Though elements change, & heaven move,
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a ſtanding Majeſty in me.

¶ Jordan.

WHo ſays that fictions onely and falſe hair
Become a verſe? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good ſtructure in winding ſtair?
May no lines paſs, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verſe, except enchanted groves
And ſudden arbours ſhadow courſe-ſpun lines?
Muſt purling ſtreams refreſh a lovers loves?
Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reades, divines,
Catching the ſenſe at two removes?

Shepherds are honeſt people; let them ſing:
Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envy no mans Nightingale or Spring:
Nor let them puniſh me with loſs of rhyme,
Who plainly ſay, *My God, My King.*

Employ-

¶ Employment.

IF as a flower doth ſpread and dy,
Thou wouldſt extend me to ſome good,
Before I were by froſts extremity,
Nipt in the bud,

The ſweetneſs and the praiſe were thine:
But the extenſion and the room,
Which in thy garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou doſt impart thy graee,
The greater ſhall our glory be.
The meaſure of our joys is in this place,
The ſtuff with thee.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe,
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are buſie; onely I
Neither bring hony with the Bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord place me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poor reed.

The H. Scriptures. I.

OH Book! infinite ſweetneſs! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breaſt, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternity: thou art a maſs
Of ſtrange delights, where we may wiſh and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glaſs

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the Well
That waſhes what it ſhews. Who can indear
Thy praiſe too much? thou art heav'ns Leiger here.
Working againſt the ſtates of death and hel.
Thou art joyes handſel heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verſe doth ſhine,
But all the conſtellations of the ſtory.

This verſe marks that, and both to make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lye:
Then, as diſperſed herbs to watch a Potion,
Theſe three make up ſome Chriſtians deſtiny.

Such

Such are thy ſecrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me underſtood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miſs:
This book of ſtars lights to eternall bliſs.

¶ Whitſunday.

Liſten ſweet Dove unto my ſong,
And ſpread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart ſo long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once deſcended
On thy Apoſtles? thou didſt then
Keep open houſe, richly attended,
Feaſting all comers by twelve choſen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didſt beſtow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear:
The ſtars were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and ſerve here.

The Sun, which once did ſhine alone,
Hung down his head, and wiſht for night,
When he beheld twelve Suns for one,
Going about the world, and giving light.

But ſince thoſe pipes of gold, which brought
That cordiall water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault (wound
Of thoſe, who did themſelves through their ſide,

Thou ſhutt'ſt the door, and keep'ſt within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conqu'ring ſin
Did not excite thee, we ſhould wholly ſink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the ſame;
The ſame ſweet God of love and light:
Reſtore this day, for thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ Grace.

MY ſtock lies dead, and no increaſe
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without ceaſe
Drop from above!

If ſtill the Sun ſhould hide his face,
Thy houſe would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And ſhall the dew out-ſtrip thy Dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is ſtill working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my ſoul
Drop from above.

Sin is ſtill hammering my heart
Unto a hardneſs, void of love:
Let ſuppling grace, to croſs his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for thou doſt know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not ſay,
Drop from above.

¶ Praiſe.

TO write a verſe or two, is all the praiſe,
That I can raiſe:
Mend my eſtate in any ways,
Thou ſhalt have more.

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or, if I mount unto the ſky,
I will do more.

Man is all weakneſs; there is no ſuch thing.
As Prince or King:
His arm is ſhort; yet with a ſling
He may do more.

An herb diſtill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the ſame floor,
To a brave ſoul: exalt the poor,
They can do more.

O raiſe me then! Poor Bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ Affliction.

Kill me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; ſince thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Dy ov'r each hour of Methuſalems ſtay,

If all mens tears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloody ſweat.
Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſs took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future none.

¶ Mattens.

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,
Or ſtar, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing elſe to do?
Indeed man's whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know,
That this new light which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a Sun-beam I will climbe to thee.

¶ Sin.

OH that I could a sin once see!
We paint the devil foul; yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of *vertue*, and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had:
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sin we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live;
So devils are our sins in perspective.

¶ Even-song.

BLest be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day
Both to be busie, and to play.
But much more blest be God above,
Who gave me sight alone,
Which to himself he did deny:
For when he sees my wayes, I dye:
But I have got his Son, and he hath none.
What have I brought the home
For this thy love? have I discharg'd the debt,
Which this daies favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought, was some.
Thy dyet, care, and cost,
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind,
Of wind to thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind;

Yet ſtill thou goeſt on,
And now with darkneſs cloſeſt weary eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth ſuffice:*
Henceforth repoſe; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou doſt incloſe us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our diſorder'd clocks.

I muſe which ſhows more love,
The day or night: that is the gale, this th'harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God thou art all love.
Not one poor minute ſcapes thy breaſt,
But brings a favour from above:
And in this love, more then in bed, I reſt.

¶ Church-monuments.

WHile that my ſoul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my fleſh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of deaths inceſſant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt. Therefore I gladly truſt

My body to this ſchool, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and find his birth
Written in duſty herauldry and lines:
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with earth.
Theſe laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for ſignes,

To

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſſe thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Deare flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy ſtemme
And true deſcent: that when thou ſhalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That flesh is but the glaſſe which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt. Mark here below
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou maiſt fit thy ſelfe againſt thy fall.

¶ Church Muſick.

SWeeteſt of sweets, I thank you: when diſpleaſure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your houſe of pleaſure
A dainty lodging me aſsign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
We both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort I'le die; for if you poſt from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
But if I travaile in your company,
You know the way to heavens doore.

¶ Church-lock and key.

I Know it is my ſin, which locks thine eares,
And binds thy hands,
Out-crying my requeſts, drowning my teares;
Or elſe the chilneſſe of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it ſtill;
So I do lay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſins, or coldneſs, but thy will.
Yet hear, O God, only for his bloods ſake
Which pleads for me:
For though ſins plead too, yet like ſtones they make
His bloods ſweet current much more loud to be.

¶ The Church-floore.

MArk you the floor? that ſquare & ſpeckled ſtone
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong,
Is *Patience*:
And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humility:
The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence*:
But the ſweet cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity*.

Hither ſometimes ſin ſteals, and ſtains
The Marbles neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,
Blows all the duſt about the floore:
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the *Architect*, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

The

¶ The Windowes.

LOrd, how can man preach thy eternall word?
He is a brittle crazy glaſs:
Yet in thy Temple thou doſt him afford
This glorious and tranſcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou doſt anneal in glaſs thy ſtory,
Making thy life to ſhine within
The holy Preachers; then the light and glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win,
Which elſe ſhews watriſh, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine, and life, colours, and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A ſtrong regard and awe: but ſpeech alone
Doth vaniſh like a flaring thing,
And in the eare, not conſcience, ring.

¶ Trinity-ſunday.

LOrd, who haſt form'd me out of mud,
And haſt redeem'd me through thy blood,
And ſanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my ſins done heretofore:
For I confeſs my heavy ſcore,
And I will ſtrive to ſin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity;
That I may run, rife, reſt with thee.

Conſ-

¶ Content.

PEace mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breast.
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on anothers hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest and call
Of an untrained hope or passion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonnesse in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm'r' it selfe alone:
But when it would appeare to others eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates;
Which can let loose to a crown, & yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloisters gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furnisht tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine daies wonder:
And after death the fumes that spring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder,
As those which rise from a huge King,

Only thy Chronicle is lost: and yet
Better by wormes be all once spent,
Then to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not vent:

When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourisht fame is weak or strong.
Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground,
Do not thy selfe or friends importune,
He that by seeking hath himselfe once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ The Quidditie.

MY God, a verse is not a crown;
No point of honor, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
Nor can it entertaine the day
With my great stable or demain.

It is no office, art or news;
Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall:
But it is that which while I use
I am with thee, and *Most take all.*

¶ Humilitie.

I Saw the Virtues sitting hand in hand
In severall ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beasts and fowls by their command
Presented tokens of submission.
Humility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all

The

The angry Lion did preſent his paw,
Which by conſent was giv'n to Manſuetude:
The fearfull Hare her eares, which by their Law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turky brought his Corall-chain;
That went to Temperance:
On Juſtice was beſtow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: which when the beaſts eſpi'd,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their ſide,
They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep ſo faſt, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: then ſaying, *Here it is*
For whichye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Againſt the beaſts: ſo joyntly bandying,
They drive them ſoon away;
And then amerc'd them double gifts to bring
At the next Seſſion-day.

¶ Frailty.

LOrd, in my ſilence how do I deſpiſe
What upon truſt
Is ſtyled *honour*, *riches*, or *fair eyes*;
But *is fair duſt!*
I ſurname them *gilded clay*,
Deare earth, *fine graſs*, or *hay*;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The worlds, and thine;
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, least if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront those joyes wherewith thou didst endow
And long since wed
My poor soul even sick of love,
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee
Planted in me.

¶ Constancy

WHo is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his Neighbour, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easie, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who

Who when great trialls come,
Nor ſeeks, nor ſhunnes them; but doth calmly ſtay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a ſumme,
What place or perſon calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To uſe in any thing a trick or ſlight;
For above all things he abhorrs deceit:
His words and workes and faſhion too
All of a piece, and all are cleare and ſtraight.

Who never melts or thaws
At cloſe temptations: when the day is done,
His goodneſſe ſets not, but in dark can runne:
The ſunne to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Vertue is his Sunne.

Who, when he is to treat
With ſick folks, women, thoſe whom paſſions ſway,
Allow for that and keeps his conſtant way:
Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will,
To writhe his limbs, and ſhare, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, ſafe and ſure,
Who ſtill is right, and prayes to be ſo ſtill.

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou was't in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a ſcepter of the rod:
Hadſt thou not had thy part,
Sure thy unruly ſigh had broke my heart.

But

But ſince thy breath gave me both life and ſhape,
Thou know'ſt my tallies; and when there's aſſign'd
So much breath to a ſigh, what's then behind?
Or if ſome years with it eſcape,
The ſigh then onely is
A gale to bring me ſooner to my bliſs.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art ſtill
Conſtant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me
And in thy members ſuffer ill.
They who lament one croſs,
Thou dying daily, praiſe thee to thy loſs.

¶ The Star.

BRight ſpark, ſhot from a brighter place,
Where beams ſurround my Saviours face,
Canſt thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad loging in my heart;
For thou canſt make a debter;
And make it better.

Firſt with thy fire-work burn to duſt
Folly, and worſe then folly, luſt:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it ſhine.

So diſingag'd from ſin and ſickneſs,
Touch it with thy celeſtial quickneſs,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then

Then with our trinity of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
Amongst the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who dy'd to part
Sin and my heart:

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me
To fly home like a laden Bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-streams.

Sunday.

O Day most calm, most bright
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' endorsment of supream delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, cares balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy Torch doth show the way.

The other daies, and thou
Make up one man; whoſe face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-daies are the back-part;
The burthen of the week lies there,
Making the whole to ſtoop and bow,
Till thy releaſe appear.

Man had ſtraight forward gone
To endleſs death: but thou doſt pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not chooſe, but look on ſtill;
Since there is no place ſo alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are,
On which heav'ns Palace arched lies:
The other daies fill up the ſpare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitfull beds and borders
In Gods rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of mans life,
Threded together on times ſtring,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate ſtands ope;
Bleſſings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for his:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The Rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of bloud paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
Till that we both, being tos'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heav'n!

¶ Avarice.

MOney thou bane of bliſs and ſourſe of wo,
Whence com'ſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh & fine?
I know thy parentage is baſe & low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou didſt ſo little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now haſt got,
That he was fain, when thou wert deſtitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot:

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou haſt got the face of man; for we
Have with our ſtamp & ſeal transfer'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but droſs to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich?
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- { MARY / ARMY } *gram.*

HOw well her name an *Army* doth preſent,
In whom the *Lord of Hoſts* did pitch his Tent.

¶ To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious ſpirits, who after all your bands
See the ſmooth face of God, without a frown
Or ſtrict commands;
Where ev'ry one is King, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your speciall aid.
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress.

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewell lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold:

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where his pleasure no injunction layes,
('Tis your own case) yee never move a wing,

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour:
Therefore we dare not from his Garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if yee know
What's done in earth, we shall not fare the worse
Who do not so;
Sithe we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Masters hand can show.

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in curtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no ſtar, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire:
Who blowes it not, nor doth controll
A faint deſire,
Lets his own aſhes choke his ſoul.
When th'elements did for place conteſt
With him, whoſe will
Ordain'd the higheſt to be beſt;
The earth ſat ſtill,
And by the others is oppreſt.
Life is a buſineſs, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The Sun ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the ſtars
Watch an advantage to appear.
O that I were an Orange-tree,
That buſie plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dreſſed me.
But we are ſtil too young or old:
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Untill the grave encreaſe our cold.

¶ Deniall.

When my devotions could not peirce
Thy ſilent eares;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verſe;
My breaſt was full of fears
And diſorder.

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder:
Each took his way: some would to pleasures go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
As to benum
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossome, hung
Discontented.

O chear and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

¶ Christmas.

ALl after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, body and mind,
With full cry of affections, quite astray,
I took up in the next Inn I could find.

There

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My deareſt Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleaſures brought me to him, ready there
To be all paſſengers moſt ſweet relief?

O Thou, whoſe glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights mantle, ſtole into a manger,
Since my dark ſoul and brutiſh is thy right,
To man of all beaſts be not thou a ſtranger.

Furniſh and deck my ſoul, that thou mayſt have
A better lodging then a rack or grave.

THe Shepherds ſing; and ſhall I ſilent be?
My God, no hymn for thee?
My ſoul's a Shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The Paſture is thy Word; the ſtreams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
Out-ſing the day-light hours.
Then we will chide the Sun for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We ſing one common Lord; wherefore he ſhould
Himſelf the candle hold.
I will go ſearching, till I finde a Sun,
Shall ſtay till we have done;
A willing ſhiner, that ſhall ſhine as gladly,
As froſt-nipt Suns look ſadly.
Then we will ſing, and ſhine all our own day,
And one another pay;
His beams ſhall chear my breaſt, and both ſo twine,
Till ev'n his beams ſing, and my muſick ſhine.

¶ Ungratefulneſs.

LOrd, with what bounty, and rare clemency
Haſt thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If thou hadſt let us run,
Gladly had man ador'd the Sun,
And thought his god moſt brave;
Where now we ſhall be better gods than he.

Thou haſt but two rare Cabinets full of treaſure,
The *Trinity*, and *Incarnation*;
Thou haſt unlockt them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thy ſelf in everlaſting pleaſure.

The ſtatelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
Whoſe ſparkling light acceſs denies:
Therefore thou doſt not ſhow
This fully to us, till death blow
The duſt into our eys:
For by that powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy ſweets are packt up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow:
That, as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Becauſe this box we know;
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But man is cloſe, reſerv'd, and dark to thee:
When thou demandeſt but a heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

¶ Sighs.

¶ Sighs and grones.

O Do not uſe me
After my ſins! Look not on my deſert,
But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuſe me: for thou onely art
The mighty God, but I a ſilly worm:
O do not bruiſe me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill ſteward make?
I have abus'd thy ſtock, deſtroy'd thy woods,
Suckt all thy magazens: my head did ake,
Till it found out how to conſume thy goods:
O do not ſcourge me!

O do not blinde me!
I have deſerv'd that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; becauſe my luſt
Hath ſtill ſew'd fig-leafs to exclude thy light:
But I am frailty, and already duſt:
O do not grinde me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!
For thou haſt other veſſels full of bloud,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Ev'n unto death: ſince he di'd for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me:
For thou haſt *Life* and *Death* at thy command;
Thou art both *Judg* and *Saviour*, *Feaſt* and *Rod*,
Cordial and *Corrasive*, put not thy hand
Into the bitter Box; but O my God,
My God, relieve me!

¶ The World.

LOve built a ſtately houſe; where *Fortune* came:
And ſpinning fanſies, ſhe was heard to ſay,
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the frame,
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame:
But *Wiſdom* quickly ſwept them all away.

Then *Pleaſure* came, who, liking not the faſhion,
Began to make *Balcones*, *Terraces*,
Till ſhe had weakned all by alteration:
But rev'rend *Laws*, and many a *Proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then entred *Sin*, and with that Sycomore,
Whoſe leafs firſt ſheltred man from drought and dew,
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
But *Grace* ſhor'd theſe, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band
To raſe the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withſtand.
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

Col. 3. 3.

Our life is hid with Christ in God.

My words and thoughts do both expresse this notion
That *LIFE* hath with the Sun a double motion.
The first *IS* straight, and our diurnal friend;
The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt *IN* flesh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards *HIM*, whose happy birth
Taught me to live here so, *THAT* still one eye
Should aim and shoot at that which *IS* on high;
Quitting with daily labour all *MY* pleasure,
To gain at Harvest an eternal *TREASURE*.

¶ Vanity.

The fleet Astronomer can bore
And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing mind
He views their stations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there: he sees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble Diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earned Pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the ventrous wretch,
That he might save his life, and also hers,
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The ſubtil Chymick can deveſt
And ſtrip the creature naked, till he finde
The callow principles within their neſt:
There he imparts to them his minde,
Admitted to their bed-chamber before
They appear trim and dreſt
To ordinary ſuitours at the door.

What hath not man ſought out and found,
But his dear God? who yet his glorious Law
Emboſomes in us mellowing the ground
With ſhowres and froſts, with love and aw;
So that we need not ſay, Where's this command?
Poor man! thou ſearcheſt round
To finde out *Death*, but miſſeſt *Life* at hand.

¶ Lent.

WElcome dear feaſt of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authority,
But is compos'd of paſſion.
The Scriptures bid us *Faſt*; the Church ſays, *Now*:
Give to thy Mother, what thou wouldſt allow
To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble ſoul, compos'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines diſagree.
He ſays, In things which uſe hath juſtly got,
I am a ſcandal to the Church, and not
The Church is ſo me.

True

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unless Authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less,
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expence,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish fumes,
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the Spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other mens abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's fourtieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way,
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviours purity;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, then one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May strengthen my decays.

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our Fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
As may our faults controll:
That ev'ry man may revel at his door,
Not in his Parlour; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul.

¶ Virtue.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The Bridal of the Earth and Sky:
The Dew shall weep thy fall to night;
For thou must dy.

Sweet Rose, whose hew angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must dy.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and Roses,
A Box where sweets compacted ly;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
and all must dy.

Onely a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd Timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

¶ The

¶ The Pearl. *Matth.* 13.

I Know the ways of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the preſs, and make it run;
What Reaſon hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of it ſelf, like a good huſwife, ſpun
In Laws and Policy; what the ſtars conſpire;
What willing Nature ſpeaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th'old diſcoveries, and the new-found ſeas,
The ſtock and ſurplus, cauſe and hiſtory:
All theſe ſtand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courteſie and wit:
In vies of favour whether party gains,
When glory ſwells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expreſſions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may ty,
And bear the bundle, wherefoe're it goes:
How many drams of ſpirit there muſt be
To ſell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Pleaſure, the ſweet ſtrains,
The lullings and the reliſhes of it;
The propoſitions of hot bloud and brains;
What mirth and muſick mean; what love & wit
Have done theſe twenty hundred yeas, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled ſtore:
My ſtuff is fleſh, not braſs; my ſenſes live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eys
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through these labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

¶ Affliction.

BRoken in pieces all asunder,
Lord hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder;
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart,
As watring-pots give flow'rs their lives.
Nothing their fury can controll,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life.
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

Oh

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the Sun scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.
Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise and my releife;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.
For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more.
Reason and speech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.
Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the World besides:
Each part may call the farthest brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with Moons and Tydes.

Nothing

Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eys dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treasure*:
The whole is either our cupboard of *food*,
Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the Sun withdraws:
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *flesh* are kinde
In their *descent* and *being*; to our *minde*
In their *ascent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of duty.
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man,
Than he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since

Since then, my God, thou haſt
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at laſt!
Till then, afford us ſo much wit,
That as the world ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,
And both thy ſervants be.

¶ Antiphone.

Chor. PRaiſed be the God of love
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies ſo,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe;
Chor. That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.
Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was ſold.
Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men And him we take.
Chor. Wherefore ſince that he is ſuch,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.
Chor. Lord, thy praiſes ſhould be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no ſtore.
Chor. Praiſed be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

¶ Un-

¶ Unkindneſſe.

LOrd, make me coy and tender to offend.
In friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
which I intend,
Unto my freinds intent and end.
I would not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blaſted fame
From the leaſt ſpot or thought of blame.
I could not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

My friend may ſpit upon my curious floore:
Would he have Gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the poore,
And thou within them ſtarve at doore.
I cannot uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my intereſt, and leave it free;
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee diſplace;
Nor would I uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou haſt done fulfill?
O write in Braſſe, *My God upon a tree*
His blood did ſpill,
Onely to purchaſe my good will:
Yet uſe I not my foes, as I uſe Thee.

¶ Life.

¶ Life.

I Made a poſie, while the day ran by:
Here will I ſmell my remnant out, and ty
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flow'rs, and they
By noon moſt cunningly did ſteal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart:
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
Who did ſo ſweetly deaths ſad taſte convey,
Making my minde to ſmell my fatal day,
Yet ſugring the ſuſpition.

Farewell dear flow'rs; ſweetly your time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for ſmell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow ſtraight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my Sent be good, I care not, if
It be as ſhort as yours.

¶ Submiſſion.

BUt that thou art my wiſdom, Lord,
And both mine eys are thine,
My minde would be extremely ſtirr'd
For miſſing my deſign.

Were it not better to beſtow
Some place and power on me?
Then ſhould thy praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sight,
And pilfring what I once did give,
Disseise thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great places and thy praise
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand;
I will no more advise:
Onely do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou hast both mine eys.

¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy ways.
Lord, thou did't make me, yet thou woundest me:
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me:
Lord, thou relievest, yet I dy by thee:
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me:

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly pays:
For *I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not:*
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray:
I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got:
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of these my ways.

¶ Charms and Knots.

WHo reade a Chapter when they rise,
Shall ne're be troubled with ill eys.

A poor

A poor mans rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who ſhuts his hand hath loſt his Gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aſperſions throw a ſtone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eys,
Findes himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When th' hair is ſweet through pride or luſt,
The powder doth forget the duſt.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten ſtill, if Sermons go for gains.

In ſhallow waters Heav'n doth ſhow:
But who drinks on, to Hell may go.

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm,
As was and is thy floting Ark, whoſe ſtay
And anchor thou art onely, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſts rage.

At firſt we liv'd in pleaſure;
Thine own delights thou didſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou didſt uſe diſpleaſure
To make us thine: yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou wouldſt taſte our miſery.

There

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then thy double line
And sev'ral baits in either kinde
Furnish thy table to thy minde.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustring windes destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and wo,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

¶ Mortification.

How soon doth man decay!
When cloaths are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
Those clouts are little winding sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep bindes them fast; onely their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That musick summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When

When man grows ſtaid and wiſe,
Getting a houſe and home; where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eys;
That dumb encloſure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would ſpeak;
A Chair or Litter ſhows the Beer,
Which ſhall convey him to the houſe of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a ſolemnity,
And dreſt his herſe, while he hath breath
As yet to ſpare.
Yet Lord, inſtruct us ſo to dy,
That all theſe dyings may be life in death.

¶ Decay.

SWeet were the days, when thou didſt lodg with (*Lot*,
Struggle with *Jacob*, ſit with *Gideon*,
Adviſe with *Abraham*, when thy power could not
Encounter *Moſes*'s ſtrong complaints and mone:
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have ſought and found thee preſently
At ſome fair oak, or buſh, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to *Sinai* gone, as we heard tell:
Liſt, ye may hear great *Aaron*'s bell.

But now thou doſt thy ſelf immure and cloſe
In ſome one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and ſtraiten thee, and uſe much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I ſee the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love, once ſpread, as in an urn
Doth cloſet up it ſelf, and ſtill retreat,
Cold ſin ſtill forcing it, till it return,
And calling Juſtice, all things burn.

¶ Miſery.

LOrd, let the Angels praiſe thy Name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and in play all his game.
His houſe ſtill burns; and yet he ſtill doth ſing,
Man is but graſs,
He knows it, fill the glaſs.

How canſt thou brook his fooliſhneſs?
Why, he'l not loſe a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his exceſs;
Not he: he knows where he can better be,
And he will ſwear,
Then to ſerve thee in fear.

What ſtrange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own, as if none knew but he?
No man ſhall beat into his head,
That thou within his curtains drawn canſt ſee:
They are of cloath,
Where never yet came moth.

The

The beſt of men, turn but thy hand
For one poor minute, ſtumble at a pin:
They would not have their actions ſcann'd,
Nor any ſorrow tell them that they ſin,
Though it be ſmall,
And meaſure not their fall.

They quarrel thee and would give over
The bargain made to ſerve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy milde Dove,
Not ſuff'ring thoſe
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praiſe thy Name.
Thou art all brightneſs, perfect purity:
The Sun holds down his head for ſhame,
Dead with eclipſes, when we ſpeak of thee.
How ſhall infection
Preſume on thy perfection?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
And thoſe things moſt, which are moſt pure & fine:
So our clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To ſing thy praiſes, make them leſs divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot ſerve thee; let him go
And ſerve the Swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this Virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:
Theſe Preachers make
His head to ſhoot and ake.

Oh foolish man, where are thine eys?
How hast thou lost them in a croud of cares!
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars:
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a dainty Bower
Made in the Tree, where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not his power,
Who made the Arbour: this exceeds her wit,
But man doth know
The Spring, whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledg winks, and lets his humour reign:
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ah wretch! what verse
Can thy strange ways rehearse?

Indeed at first man was a Treasure,
A Box of Jewels, Shop of Rarities,
A Ring, whose Posie was, *My pleasure*:
He was a Garden in a Paradise:
Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to a glympse of bliss,
A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf:
My God, I mean my self.

¶ Jordan.

¶ Jordan.

WHen first my lines of heav'nly joys made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excell,
That I sought out quaint words & trim invention:
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
Off'ring their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem to rich to cloath the Sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend,
So did I weave my self into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretense!*
There is in love a sweetness ready penn'd:
Copy out only that, and save expense.

¶ Prayer.

OF what an easie quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
May our requests thy ear invade!
To shew that state dislikes not easiness.
If I but lift mine eys, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not hear, then thou canst dy.

Of

Of what ſupreme Almighty power
Is thy great arm, which ſpans the Eaſt and Weſt,
And tacks the Centre to the Sphere!
By it do all things live their meaſur'd hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the ſhallowneſs of our requeſt.

Of what unmeaſurable love
Art thou poſſeſt, who, when thou couldſt not dy,
Wert fain to take our fleſh and curſe,
And for our ſakes in perſon ſin reprove;
That by deſtroying that which ty'd thy purſe,
Thou mightſt make way for liberality!

Since then theſe three wait on thy throne,
Eaſe, *Power*, and *Love*; I value Prayer ſo,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all ſhould go:
I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain for each inch loſt an ell.

¶ Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
Convey a Lordſhip any way
Whither the buyer and the ſeller pleaſe;
Let it not thee diſpleaſe,
If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines as there doth need
To paſs it ſelf and all it hath to thee:
To which I do agree,
And here preſent it as my ſpecial deed.

If

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will.
All thy delight in me fulfill!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the Rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou shouldst mind a rotten tree?
Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and blood
Show'd a strange love to all our good:
Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forgo;
To one word onely I say, No.
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a *gift* or *donation*,
Lord, let it now by way of *purchase* go.

He that will passe his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
If ſome kind man would thruſt his heart
Into theſe lines; till in heav'ns court of rolls
They were by winged ſouls
Entred for both, far above their deſert!

¶ Conſcience.

PEace pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou doſt call it foul:
Not a ſweet diſh, but thou doſt call it ſowre:
Muſick to thee doth howl.
By liſtning to thy chatting fears
I have both loſt mine eyes and ears.

Pratler, no more, I ſay:
My thoughts muſt work, but like a noiſeleſs ſphere.
Harmonious peace muſt rock them all the day:
No room for pratlers there.
If thou perſiſteſt, I will tell thee,
That I have phyſick to expell thee.

And the receit ſhall be
My Saviours blood: when ever at his board
I do but taſte it, ſtraight it cleanſeth me,
And leaves thee not a word,
No, not a tooth or nail to ſcratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkeſt ſtill,
Beſides my phyſick, know there's ſome for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a ſtaff or bill
For thoſe that trouble me:
The bloody croſſe of my dear Lord,
Is both my phyſick and my ſword.

¶ Sion.

¶ Sion.

LOrd, with what glory waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
When Solomons temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt gold:
The wood was all embelliſhed
With flowers and carvings, myſticall and rare:
All ſhow'd the builders, crav'd the ſeer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and ſtate
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
Something there was that ſow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with ſin;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art ſtruggling with a peeviſh heart,
Which ſometimes croſſeth thee, thou ſometimes it:
The fight is hard, on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth ſubmit
All Solomons ſea of braſs and world of ſtone
Is not ſo dear to thee as one good grone.

And truly braſs and ſtones are heavy things;
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But groans are quick and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they ſing:
The note is ſad, yet muſick for a king.

¶ Home.

COme Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is ſick,
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How canſt thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
The blood did make, which thou didſt waſte;
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhow thy ſelfe to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When man was loſt, thy pity lookt about
To ſee what help in th' earth or skie:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in thy boſome lie.
O ſhow thy, &c.

There lay thy Son: and muſt he leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſs, to remove
Thraldome from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poor apple for thy love?
O ſhow thy, &c.

He did, he came. O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canſt thou be ſtrange?
So many years baptiz'd, and not appear?
As if thy love could fail or change.
O ſhow thy, &c,

Yet if thou ſtayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of wo? hence all ye clouds, away,
Away: I muſt get up and ſee.
O ſhow thy, &c.

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackneſs and diſtaſte?
O ſhow thy, &c.

With

With one ſmall ſigh thou gav'ſt me th' other day
I blaſted all the joyes about me:
And ſcouling on them as they pin'd away,
Now come again, ſaid I, and flout me.
O ſhow thy ſelfe to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought & dearth, but buſh and brake,
Which way toe're I look, I ſee.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dreſs themſelves and come to thee.
O ſhow thy, &c.

We talk of Harveſts; there are no ſuch things,
But when we leave our Corn and Hay:
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The laſt and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O ſhow thy, &c.

Oh looſe this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free ſoul may uſe her wing,
Which is now pinion'd with mortalitie,
As an entangled hamper'd thing.
O ſhow thy, &c.

What have I left, that I ſhould ſtay and grone?
The moſt of me to heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead,
O ſhow thy, &c.

Come deareſt Lord, paſs not this holy ſeaſon,
My fleſh and bones and joynts do pray:
And ev'n my verſe, when by the rhyme and reaſon
The word is, *Stay*, ſayes ever, *Come*.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

¶ The Brittiſh Church.

JOy, dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both ſweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When ſhe doth write.

A fine aſpect in fit aray,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is beſt.

Outlandiſh looks may not compare:
For all they either painted are,
Or elſe undreſt.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiſs'd ſo long her painted ſhrines,
That ev'n her face by kiſsing ſhines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is ſo ſhie
Of dreſſing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:

While ſhe avoids her neighbours pride,
She wholly goes on th'other ſide,
And nothing wears.

But, deareſt Mother, (what thoſe miſſe)
The mean thy praiſe and glory is,
And long may be.

Bleſſed be God, whoſe love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

¶ The

¶ The Quip.

THe merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in ſport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a Roſe;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, ſaid ſhe,
Tell me, I pray, Whoſe hands are thoſe?
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking ſtill,
What tune is this, poor man? ſaid he:
I heard in Muſick you had skill.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In ſilks that whiſtled, who but he?
He ſcarce allow'd me half an eye.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Converſation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be ſhort, make an oration,
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy deſign
To anſwer theſe fine things ſhall come;
Speak not at large, ſay, I am thine,
And then they have their anſwer home.

¶ Vanity.

POor silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow;
To whom the stars shine not so fair, as eyes;
Not solid work, as false embroyderies:
Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure
And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase heaven for repenting,
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mold,
Let them love Gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred flie:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then silly soul take heed: for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ The Dawning.

AWake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drown
Take up thine eys, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns;
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry;
And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise

Arise sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christs resurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, arise:
And with his burial-linnen dry thine eys. (grief
Christ left his grave-cloaths, that we might, when
Draws tears, or blood, not want an handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there; but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner, where was J,
After, where E S, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcells, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

¶ Business.

CAnst be idle? canst thou play.
Foolish soul, who sinn'd to day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath these, those ill forbears.

Winds ſtill work: it is their plot,
Be the ſeaſon cold, or hot:
Haſt thou ſighs, or haſt thou not?

If thou haſt no ſighs or groans,
Would thou hadſt no fleſh and bones!
Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Fooliſh ſoul, Who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
To aſſume thy fleſh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadſt di'd moſt wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He ſo far thy good did plot,
That his own ſelf he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not di'd for thee,
Thou hadſt liv'd in miſerie.
Two lives worſe then ten deaths be.

And hath any ſpace of breath
'Twixt his ſins and Saviours death?

He that loſeth gold, though droſs,
'Tells to all he meets, his croſs:
He that ſins, hath he no loſs?

He that finds a ſilver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again;
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither ſin nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.

SWeeteſt Saviour, if my ſoul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly then ſhould I controll
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch ſo full of ſtains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (child) is the balance thine?
Thine the poize and meaſure?
If I ſay, Thou ſhalt be mine,
Finger not my treaſure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, onely he,
Who for man was ſold, can ſee,
That transferr'd th'accounts to me.

But as I can ſee no merit,
Leading to this favour.
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my ſavour.
As the reaſon then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I diſclaim the whole deſign:
Sin diſclaims, and I reſign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay my creature would
Follow my reſigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glory and deſert,
Left all joyes to feel all ſmart——
Ah! no more: thou break'ſt my heart.

¶ Dulneſs

¶ Dulneſs.

WHy do I languiſh thus drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickneſs, that I may with mirth
Praiſe thee brim full!

The wanton Lover in a curious ſtrain
Can praiſe his faireſt fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curle o're again.

Thou art my lovelineſs, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloody death and undeſerv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That thoſe thy form doth ſhow,
The very duſt, where thou doſt tread and go,
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window-ſongs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe.

But I am loſt in fleſh, whoſe ſugred lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord clear thy gift, that with a conſtant wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look onely; for to love thee, who can be,
What angel fit?

¶ Love-

¶ Love-joy.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a Vine drop Grapes with *F* and *C*
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgement) said, It seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity*. Sir, you have not miss'd,
The man repli'd: It figures *JESUS CHRIST.*

¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?

Of all the Creatures both in Sea and Land
Onely to man thou hast made known thy ways,
And put the Pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native Lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high-Priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himselfe alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain;
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

The

The beasts say, Eat me: but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command* or thy *permission*
Lay hands on all: they are thy *right* and *left*.
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sins stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both: all must appear,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set,
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed:
Birds teach us hawking: fishes have their net:
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat;
Flies have their table ſpread, e're they appear.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely doſt thou times and ſeaſons ſpin!
And make a twiſt cheker'd with night and day!
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bouls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wiſdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender off-ſpring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food
When they are fledge, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruiſe
Their maſters flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to uſe:
So both the flow'r doth ſtay, and hony run.

Sheep eat the graſs, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for ſoil:
Springs vent their ſtreams, and by expenſe get ſtore:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expreſs the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and ſtones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would ſhow a root that gives expreſſions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the ſtars!
A roſe, beſides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtleſs our plagues and plenty, peace and wars
Are there much ſurer then our art is ſure.

Thou haſt hid metals: man may take them thence;
But at his perill: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had ſenſe,
And threatned man, that he ſhould fill the ſpace.

Ey'n

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poysons, antidotes are most;
Thy help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The Sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a Ship the speedier passage made;
The Winds, who think they rule the Mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound; the vales with store;
The South with marble; North with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easie things good cheap.
The common all men have: that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass: warm without weight
Is wool and furs: cool without closeness, shade;
Speed without pains, a horse: tall without height,
A servile hawk: low without losse, a spade.

All Countreys have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears cloathes but man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But man alone, to shew his heav'nly breed:
And onely he hath fewel in desire.

When th' earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet:
Which that lay gather'd, thou didst broch the mountains:
When yet some places could no moisture get, (rains.
The winds grew gard'ners, & the clouds good foun-

Rain,

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently ſpend
Your honey drops: preſs not to ſmell them here:
When they are ripe, their odour will aſcend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harſh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and needleſs reparation.
How ſmooth are ſilks compared with a ſtake,
Or with a ſtone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou doſt divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is cloathing, meat, and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, ſail, and needle, all in one.

Moſt herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruits warm kernels help againſt the wind.
The limons juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth looſe, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but expreſſe a feaſt,
Where all the gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fiſh and fleſh; bats, bird, and beaſt;
Sponges, non-ſenſe and ſenſe; mines, th' earth and (plants.

To ſhow thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worſe then ours, ſometimes thou ſhifteſt hands.
Moſt things move th' under jaw; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things ſleep lying; th' Elephant leans or ſtands.

But who hath praiſe enough? nay, who hath any?
None can expreſs, thy works but he that knows them:
And none can know thy works, which are ſo many,
And ſo compleat, but only he that ows them.

All things that are, though they have ſeveral ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honour thee: and ſo I give thee praiſe
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many wayes in store
To honour thee: and so each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

¶ Hope.

I Gave to Hope a watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
And he an optick sent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah Loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

¶ Sins round.

SOrry I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busie flame,
Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they have once perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
They vent the wares, and pass them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do joyn to finish the inventions.

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions:
And so my sins ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they supply
New thoughts of sinning: wherefore to my shame,
Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

¶ Time.

¶ Time.

MEeting with Time, Slack-thing ſaid I,
Thy ſithe is dull, whet it for ſhame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deſerve ſome blame:
But where one man would have me grinde it,
Twenty for one too ſharp do finde it.

Perhaps ſome ſuch of old did paſs,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy ſithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning knife.
Chriſts coming hath made man thy debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his bleſsing thou art bleſt:
For where thou onely wert before
An executioner at beſt;
Thou art a gard'ner now, and more.
An uſher to convey our ſouls
Beyond the utmoſt ſtars and poles.

And this is that makes life ſo long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleaſures here increaſe the wrong.
And length of dayes lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what ſtrange length muſt that needs be,
Which ev'n eternity excludes!
Thus far Time heard me patiently:
Then chafing ſaid, This man deludes:
What do I here before his door?
He doth not crave leſs time, but more.

¶ Grate-

¶ Gratefulneſs.

THou that haſt giv'n ſo much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy begger works on thee.
By art.

He makes thy gifts occaſion more,
And ſayes, If he in this be croſt,
All thou haſt giv'n him heretofore
Is loſt.

But thou didſt reckon, when at firſt
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worſt
To ſave.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears ſullying thy tranſparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithſtanding, thou wentſt on,
And didſt allow us all our noiſe?
Nay, thou haſt made a ſigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou haſt not ſtill above
Much better tunes then groans can make;
But that theſe country airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canſt thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee.

Not

Not thankful, when it pleaſeth me;
As if thy bleſſings had ſpare days:
But ſuch a heart, whoſe pulſe may be
Thy praiſe.

¶ Peace.

SWeet Peace, where doſt thou dwel? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I ſought thee in a ſecret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did ſeem to anſwer, No:
Go ſeek elſewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note;
Surely, thought I,
This is the Lace of Peaces Coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
But while I look't, the clouds immediately
Did break and ſcatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did ſpie
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperial: Sure, ſaid I,
Peace at the root muſt dwell.
But when I digg'd, I ſaw a worm devour
What ſhow'd ſo well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At *Salem* dwelt, who liv'd with good encreaſe
Of Flock and Fold.

He

He ſweetly liv'd; yet ſweetneſs did not ſave
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There ſprang twelve ſtalks of wheat:
Which many wondring at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the earth:
For they that taſte it do rehearſe,
That vertue lies therein;
A ſecret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of ſin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repoſe
And peace, which every where
With ſo much earneſtneſs you do purſue,
Is only there.

¶ Confeſsion.

O What a cunning gueſt
Is this ſame grief! within my heart I made
Cloſets, and in them many a cheſt;
And, like a maſter in my trade,
In thoſe cheſts, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No ſcrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and winde,
As Gods afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath deſign'd.
They are too ſubtil for the ſubtileſt hearts;
And fall, like rheums, upon the tendreſt parts.

We

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and cast about:
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much less give out.
No smith can make such locks, but they have keyes
Closets are halls to them; and hearts, high-wayes.

Onely an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord, I acknowledge: take thy plagues away:
For since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond: let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

¶ Giddiness.

OH what a thing is man! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'rall men at least
Each sev'rall hour.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure;
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
Will lose a pleasure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;
Now eat this bread in peace,
And ſnudge in quiet; now he ſcorns encreaſe;
Now all day ſpares.

He builds an houſe, which quickly down muſt go,
As if a whirle-wind blew
And cruſht the building: and its partly true,
His mind is ſo.

O what a ſight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind;
And, like a Dolphins skin, his cloaths combin'd
With his deſires!

Surely if each one ſaw anothers heart,
There would be no commerce,
No ſale or bargin paſs; all would diſperſe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us; one creation
Will not ſuffice our turn:
Except thou make us dayly, we ſhall ſpurn
Our own ſalvation.

¶ The bunch of Grapes.

JOy, I did lock thee up, but ſome bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, me thinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago; one vogue and vein,
One aire of thoughts uſurps my brain.
I did towards *Canaan* draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the Sea of ſhame.

For as the Jews of old by Gods command
Travell'd, and saw no town;
So now each Christian hath his journeys span'd:
Their story pens and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.
Gods works are wide, and let in future times,
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we to our guardian fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds;
Alas! our murmurings come not last.
But where's the cluster? where's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the Grape, who hath the Wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessed be God, who prosper'd *Noah*'s Vine,
And made it bring forth Grapes good store:
But much more him I must adore,
Who of the Laws sour juyce, sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God himself, being pressed for my sake.

¶ Love unknown.

Dear friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
And in my faintings, I presume your love
Will more comply then help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom som grounds which may improv
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I sigh to say)

Lookt on a ſervant, who did know his eye
Better then you know me, or (which is one)
Then I my ſelfe. The ſervant inſtantly
Quitting the fruit, ſeiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a Font, wherein did fail
A ſtream of blood, which iſſu'd from the ſide
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cauſe: there it was dipt and di'd,
And waſht and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more then my leaſe will bear;
Yet ſtill askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you ſhall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I ſigh to tell)
Walkt by my ſelf abroad, I ſaw a large
And ſpacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whoſe verge
Was in great letters ſet *AFFLICTION.*
The greatneſſe ſhew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a ſacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that which I did thus preſent,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, ſlipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the ſcalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you underſtand?)
The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Bgan to ſpread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug then ſcalding water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare Wine,
A friend did ſteal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and moſt Divine

To

To ſupple hardneſſes. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, ſoon I fled
Unto my houſe, where to repair the ſtrength
Which I had left, I haſted to my bed.
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe faults,
(I ſigh to ſpeak)
I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would ſay *thorns*. Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleaſures ev'n my reſt was gone?
Full well I underſtood who had been there:
For I had giv'n the key to none but one:
It muſt be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepy ſtate of mind
Did oft poſſeſſe me; ſo that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did ſtay behinde.
But all my ſcores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truely, Friend,*
For ought I hear, your Maſter ſhews to you
More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only what was old renew:
The Caldron ſupplied what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull.
All did but ſtrive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender quick.

¶ Mans medly.

HEark how the birds do ſing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy: and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly meaſure,
Mans joy and pleaſure
Rather hereafter, then in preſent, is.

To this life things of ſenſe
Make their pretenſe:
In th'other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heaven, with th'other (earth.

In ſoul he mounts and flies,
In fleſh he dies.
He wears a ſtuff, whoſe thred is courſe and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And ſhould take place
After the trimming, not the ſtuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taſte of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and ſtraight lift up their head,
So muſt he ſip and think
Of better drink,
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double;
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both froſts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greateſt griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he, whoſe heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains, to double praiſe.

¶ The

¶ The Storm.

IF as as the Winds and Waters here below
Do flie and flow,
My ſighs and tears as buſie were above,
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempeſtuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their ſtorms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we,
A throbbing conſcience ſpurred by remorſe
Hath a ſtrange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to aſſault thee, and beſiege thy dore.

There it ſtands knocking, to thy muſicks wrong,
And drowns the ſong.
Glory and honour, are ſet by, till it
An anſwer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor ſtorms, ſuch days are beſt:
They purge the air without, within the breaſt.

¶ Paradiſe.

I Bleſſe thee, Lord, becauſe I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blaſt my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the incloſure is thine ARM?

Incloſe me ſtill for fear I START.
Be to me rather ſharp and TART,
Then let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou doſt greater judgements SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such ſharpneſſe ſhowes the ſweeteſt FRIEND:
Such cuttings rather heal then REND:
And ſuch beginnings touch their END.

¶ The Method.

POor heart, lament.
For ſince thy God refuſeth ſtill,
There is ſome rub, ſome diſcontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect what thou doſt move;
For he is *Power*: and ſure he *would*;
For he is *Love*.

Go ſearch this thing,
Tumble thy breſt, and turn thy book.
If thou hadſt loſt a glove or ring,
Wouldſt thou not look?

What do I ſee
Written above there? *Yeſterday*
I did behave me careleſly,
When I did pray.

And ſhould Gods ear
To ſuch indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God leſſe free?

But ſtay! what's there?
Late when I would have ſomething done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And ſhould Gods ear,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to thoſe
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice.
Seek pardon firſt, and God will ſay,
Glad heart rejoyce.

¶ Divinity.

AS men, for fear the ſtars ſhould ſleep and nod,
And trip at night, have ſpheres ſuppli'd;
As if a ſtar were duller then a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Juſt ſo the other heav'n they alſo ſerve,
Divinities tranſcendent sky:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reaſon triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wiſdom which firſt broch'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his ſeamleſſe coat, had that been fine,
With curious queſtions and diviſions?

But all the doctrine which he taught and gave,
Was clear as heav'n from whence it came:
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpasse in brightnesse any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, even as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine,
Bid what he please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what he doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
Break all thy Spheres, and save thy head,
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To heav'n alone both go and lead.

Ephes. 4. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sour,
And crosse thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
I passe away and leave it dead.

Then

Then weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep fooliſh heart,
And weeping live:
For death is drie as duſt. Yet if ye part,
End as the night (whoſe ſable hue
Your ſins expreſſe) melt into dew.

When ſawcy mirth ſhall knock or call at dore,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on ſenſe:
I ſin not to my grief alone,
But to my Gods too, he doth grone:

Oh take thy Lute, and tune it to a ſtrain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no diſcord but in ceaſing be.
Marbles can weep; and ſurely ſtrings
More bowels have then ſuch hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my ſelf to tears and grief,
Ev'n endleſſe tears
Without relief.
If a clear ſpring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry,
I am no Chryſtal, what ſhall I?

Yet if I wail not ſtill, ſince ſtill to wail
Nature denies;
And fleſh would fail,
If my deſerts were Maſters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of tears with ſtore of blood.

¶ The Family.

WHat doth this noiſe of thoughts within my heart
As if they had a part?
What do theſe loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or cars?

But, Lord, the houſe and family are thine,
Though ſome of them repine.
Turn out theſe wranglers, which defile thy ſeat:
For where thou dwelleſt all is neat.

Firſt Peace and Silence all diſputes controul,
Then Order playes the ſoul:
And giving all things their ſet forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods ſweet walks and bowers:

Humble Obedience neer the door doth ſtand,
Expecting a command:
Then whom in waiting nothing ſeems more ſlow,
Nothing more quick when ſhe doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;
But griefs without a noiſe:
Yet ſpeak they louder then diſtemper'd fears.
What is ſo ſhrill as ſilent tears?

This is thy houſe, with theſe it doth abound:
And where theſe are not found,
Perhaps thou com'ſt ſometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a conſtant ſtay.

¶ The

¶ The Size.

CContent thee, greedy heart.
Modeſt and moderate joyes to thoſe that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are paſſing brave.
Let th' upper ſprings into the low
Deſcend and fall, and thou doſt flow.

What though ſome have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon ſail?
If thou haſt wherewithall to ſpice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To th' Iſle of ſpices, is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more then God was, who was hungry here.
Wouldſt thou his laws of faſting diſanull?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to ſave it?
Wouldſt thou both eat thy Cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once;
But little do reſerve themſelves for more:
Thoſe have their hopes; theſe what they have renounce
And live on ſcore:
Thoſe are at home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour ſentenc'd joy,
And in the fleſh condemn'd it as unfit,
At leaſt in lump: for ſuch doth oft deſtroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the preſent leave in ſtore.

A Chriſtians ſtate and caſe
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and ſpare,
Yet active ſtrength: whoſe long and bony face
Content and care
Do ſeem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore ſit down, good heart;
Graſp not at much, for fear thou loſeſt all.
If comforts fell according to deſert,
They would great froſts and ſnows deſtroy:
For we ſhould count, Since the laſt joy.

Then cloſe again the ſeam
Which thou haſt open'd: do not ſpread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly Globe,
On whoſe Meridian was ingraven,
Theſe Seas are tears, and Heav'n the Haven.

¶ Artillery.

AS I one evening ſate before my Cell,
Methoughts a ſtar did ſhoot into my lap.
I roſe and ſhook my cloaths, as knowing well,
That from ſmall fires, comes oft no ſmall miſ-hap:
When ſuddenly I heard one ſay,
Do as thou uſeſt, diſobey,
Expell good motions from thy breaſt,
Which have the face of fire, but end in reſt.

I, who had heard of muſick in the Spheres,
But not of ſpeech in ſtars, began to muſe:
But turning to my God whoſe Miniſters
The ſtars and all things are; if I refuſe,
Dread Lord, ſaid I, ſo oft my good;
Then I refuſe not ev'n with blood,
To waſh away my ſtubborn thought:
For I will do, or ſuffer what I ought.

But I have alſo ſtars and ſhooters too,
Born where thy ſervants both Artilleries uſe.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to thee, yet thou do'ſt refuſe,
Not but I am (I muſt ſay ſtill)
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
Then thou to grant mine; but becauſe
Thy promiſe now, hath ev'n ſet thee thy laws.

Then we are ſhooters both, and thou do'ſt deign
To enter Combat with us, and conteſt
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shun not my Arrows, and behold my breaſt.
Yet if thou ſhunneſt, I am thine:
I muſt be ſo, if I am mine:
There is no articling with thee,
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ Church-

¶ Church-rents and Schiſms.

BRave roſe, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair
Where thou didſt lately ſo triumph and ſhine,
A worm doth ſit, whoſe many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wer't divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd ſteps do cruſh and grind,
Their beauteous glories. Only ſhreds of thee,
And thoſe all bitten, in thy chair I ſee.

Why doth my Mother bluſh; is ſhe the roſe,
And ſhowes it ſo? Indeed Chriſts precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much freſher then before,
But when debates and fretting jealouſies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your ſev'ral parts unlooſe and ſtart:
Which when your neighbours ſaw, like a north wind
They ruſhed in, and caſt them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
Where ſhall I get me eyes enow to weep,
As many eyes as ſtars? Since it is night,
And much of Aſia and Europe faſt aſleep,
And ev'n all Africk; would at leaſt I might
With theſe two poor ones lick up all the dew
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!

Juſtice

¶ Juſtice.

O Dreadful Juſtice, what a fright and terror
Waſt thou of old,
When ſin and error
Did ſhow and ſhape thy looks to me,
And through their glaſſe diſcolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The diſhes of thy balance ſeem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and ſcape
Did like ſome tor'ring engine ſhow:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Denting the ſtouteſt hearts, the proudeſt wits.

But now that Chriſts pure vail preſents the ſight,
I ſee no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy ſcales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably deſcend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou ſtill didſt call on me,
Now I ſtill touch
And harp on thee.
Gods promiſes have made thee mine:
Why ſhould I juſtice now decline?
Againſt me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I Travell'd on, ſeeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Deſperation
I left on th' one, and on the other ſide
The rock of Pride. And

And ſo I came to Phanſies Meadow ſtrow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to cares cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Paſſion, which
Some call the world;
A waſted place, but ſometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, which a friend had ti'd
Cloſe to my ſide.

At length I got unto the gladſom hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart and climbing ſtill,
When I had gaind the brow and top,
A lake of brackiſh waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abaſh'd and ſtruck with many a ſting
Of ſwarming fears,
I fell, and cri'd, alas my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart, I roſe, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd.

My hill was further, ſo I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Juſt as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives: If that be all, ſaid I,
After ſo foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

¶ The

The Hold-Faſt.

I Threatned to obſerve the ſtrict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one it could not be,
Yet I might truſt in God to be my light.

Then will I truſt, ſaid I, in him alone,
Nay, ev'n to truſt in him, was alſo his:
We muſt confeſſe that nothing is our own.
Then I confeſſe that he my ſuccour is.

But to have nought, is ours, not to confeſſe
That we have nought, I ſtood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expreſſe,
That all things were more ours, by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Chriſt keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Becauſe thou art
My power and wiſdom. Put me not to ſhame,
Becauſe I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy duſt that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and ſtory
Are both thy due; but I a ſilly flie,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all juſtice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More Attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or crie?
Have I no parts but thoſe of grief?

Let

Let not thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life, : or let thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

¶ The Discharge.

BUsie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know ?
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow ?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?
Let what will fall :
That which is past who can recall ?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon : he is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy business his, and in thy life partake :
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and see.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

They

They ask enough; why ſhouldſt thou further go?
Raiſe not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the cleer and good.
Dig not for wo
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the preſent fit: if he provide,
He breaks the ſquare.
This hour is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon deaths ſide:

For death each hour environs and ſurrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Vnto thoſe grounds,
But through a Church yard which them bounds.

Things preſent ſhrink and die: but they that ſpend
Their thoughts and ſenſe
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt looſe the chain,
And wake thy ſorrow?
Wilt thou foreſtal it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freſhly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come; or if it muſt,
Do not forecaſt:
And while it cometh, it is almoſt paſt.
Away diſtruſt:
My God hath promis'd; He is juſt.

¶ Praiſe

¶ Praise.

KIng of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never ceaſe,
I will move thee.

Thou haſt granted my requeſt,
Thou haſt heard me:
Thou did'ſt note my working breaſt,
Thou haſt ſpar'd me.

Wherefore with thy utmoſt art
I will ſing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my ſins againſt me cri'd,
Thou didſt clear me;
And alone, when they repli'd,
Thou did'ſt hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in ſeven,
I will praiſe thee.
In my heart, though not in heav'n,
I can raiſe thee.

Thou grew'ſt ſoft and moiſt with tears,
Thou relented'ſt:
And when Juſtice call'd for fears,
Thou diſſented'ſt.

Small it is, in this poor ſort
To enroll thee:
Ev'n eternity is too ſhort
To extoll thee.

¶ An

¶ An Offering.

COme bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.
In publick judgements one may be a nation,
And fence a Plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear, is left thy heart displease,
As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart: recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a Balsom, or indeed a blood, (close
Dropping from heaven, which doth both cleanse and
All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
Untill thou find and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymn be this:

SInce my sadnesse
Into gladnesse
Lord thou dost convert,
O accept
What thou hast kept,
As thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine;
Surely thine alone.

Yet they favour
May give favour
To this poor oblation:
And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my salvation.

¶ Longing.

With sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my groans,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants them, and they suck thee
More free. Bowels

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my ſoul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the ſame
Thy name!

Look on my ſorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what ſhames!
Conſider Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,
And hear!

Lord Jeſu, thou didſt bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord hear; *Shall he that made the ear,*
Not hear?

Behold thy duſt doth ſtir;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou defer
To ſuccour me,
Thy pile of duſt, wherein each crumb
Sayes, Come!

To thee help appertains.
Haſt thou left all things to their courſe,
And laid the reins
Upon the horſe?
Is all lockt? hath a ſinners plea
No key?

Indeed

Indeed the World's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing: thou do'st reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet I am stil'd
Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy Throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide:
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggers grow; rid them away
To day.

My

My love, my ſweetneſs, hear!
By theſe thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breſt, which cries,
Which dies.

¶ The Bag.

AWay deſpair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves aſſault my keel,
He doth preſerve it: he doth ſteer,
Ev'n when the boat ſeems moſt to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he cloſe his eyes, but not his heart.

Haſt thou not heard that my Lord JESUS di'd?
Then let me tell thee a ſtrange ſtorie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majeſtick robes of glorie,
Reſolv'd to light: and ſo one day
He did deſcend, undreſſing all the way.

The Stars his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his ſphear,
The skie his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they askt what he would wear,
He ſmil'd and ſaid as he did go,
He had new cloaths a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an Inne.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel ſinne:
And having giv'n the reſt before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our ſcore.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a ſpear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his ſide,
And ſtrait he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to ſend or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Vnto my Fathers hands and ſight
(Believe me) it ſhall ſafely come.
That I ſhall mind, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very neer my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will uſe me in this kind, the doore
Shall ſtill be open; what he ſends
I will preſent, and ſomewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to me. Heark deſpair, away.

¶ The Jews.

POor nation, whoſe ſweet ſap and juice
Our eyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:
Whoſe ſtreams we got by the Apoſtles ſluce,
And uſe in Baptiſm: while ye pine and die:
Who by not keeping once, became a debter;
And now by keeping loſe the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine alas!
Oh that ſome Angel might a trumpet ſound;
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should cry ſo loud, until the trump were drown'd,
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
That your ſweet ſap might come again!

¶ The

¶ The Collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, No more;
I will abroad.
What? ſhall I ever ſigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Looſe as the wind, as large as ſtore.
Shall I be ſtill in ſuit?
Have I no harveſt but a thorn
To let me blood, and not reſtore
What I have loſt with Cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine.
Before my ſighs did dry it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only loſt to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay! all blaſted?
All waſted?
Not ſo, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou haſt hands.
Recover all thy ſigh-blown age
On double pleaſures: leave thy cold diſpute
Of what is *fit, and not*; forſake thy cage,
Thy rope of ſands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy Law,
Whileſt thou didſt wink and wouldſt not ſee.
Away; take heed.
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To ſuit and ſerve his need,
Deſerves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild.
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling *Child*:
And I repli'd, *My Lord.*

¶ The

¶ The Glimpse.

WHither away delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight should have
More skill in musick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
Flow'rs look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the springs access grew much more great

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumb, and would not die,
But constant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
A slender thred a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock,
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
The wheele shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou knowst how grief and sin
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a Court!

¶ Assurance.

¶ Assurance.

O Spiteful bitter thought!
Bitterly spiteful thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coyn large hopes: but that I was deceiv'd;
Either the League was broke, or neer it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? what more.
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despairs and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise Devils? I see I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from my selfe, I had not halfe a word,
Not halfe a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes,

But thou art my desert;
And in this League, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,
But also mine; as when the League was made,
Thou didst at once thy selfe endite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canſt fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks ſtand,
And rivers ſtir, thou canſt not ſhrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things ſhall disband,
Then ſhalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praiſe thy power.

Now fooliſh thought go on,
Spin out thy thred, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy ſhame: for thou haſt caſt a bone
Which bounds on thee, & will not down thy throat.
What for its ſelf love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

¶ The Call.

COme, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all ſtrife:
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feaſt, my Strength:
Such a Light, as ſhows a feaſt:
Such a Feaſt, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his gueſt.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part,
Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

¶ Claſping.

¶ Claſping of hands.

LOrd thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then I or ought, or can be mine,
Yet to be thine, doth me reſtore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more:
Since this being mine, brings with t thine,
And thou with me doſt thee reſtore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither ſhould be mine or thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that ſomething more
I may preſume thee mine then thine.
For thou didſt ſuffer to reſtore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death waſt none of thine,
Yet then as mine didſt me reſtore.
O be mine ſtill! ſtill make me thine:
Or rather make no Thine and Mine.

¶ Praiſe.

LOrd, I will mean and ſpeak thy praiſe,
Thy praiſe alone.
My buſie heart ſhall ſpin it all my days:
And when it ſtops for want of ſtore,
Then will I wring it with a ſigh or groan,
That thou mayſt yet have more.

When thou doſt favour any action,
It runs, it flies:
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When thou doſt bleſs, hath twelve: one wheel doth
To twenty then, or more. (riſe

But when thou doſt on buſineſs blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of door.
Legs are but ſtumps, and Pharaohs wheels but logs,
And ſtrugling hinders more.

Thouſands of things do thee employ
In ruling all
The ſpacious Globe: Angels muſt have their joy,
Divels their rod, the ſea his ſhore,
The winds their ſtint. and yet when I did call,
Thou heardſt my call, and more.

I have not loſt one ſingle tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in, yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſlipt a drop
From thy right eye,
(Which there did hang like ſtreamers neer the top
Of ſome fair Church, to ſhow the ſore
And bloody battel which thou once didſt trie)
The glaſſe was full and more.

Wherefore

Wherefore I ſing, Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſs'd, runs thin;
O that I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore;
That to thy cheſts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe, and more!

¶ Joſephs Coat.

WOunded I ſing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note: ſuch is his will,
Who changeth all things as him pleaſeth beſt.
For well he knows, if but one grief and ſmart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it ev'n my heart,
And both would run untill they found a bier
To fetch the body; both being due to grief,
But he hath ſpoild the race, and giv'n to anguiſh
One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhew his power, who once did bring
My *joyes* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *ſing*.

¶ The Pulley.

WHen God at firſt made Man,
Having a glaſs of bleſſings ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) pour on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So ſtrength firſt made away;
Then beauty flow'd, then wiſedom, honor, pleaſure.
When almoſt all was out, God made a ſtay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treaſure
Reſt in the bottom lay.

For if I ſhould (ſaid he)
Beſtow this Jewel alſo on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in ſtead of me,
And reſt in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both ſhould loſers be.

Yet let him keep the reſt.
But keep them with repining reſtleſneſs:
Let him be rich and weary, that at leaſt,
If goodneſs lead him not, yet wearineſs
May toſs him to my breſt.

¶ The Prieſthood.

BLeſt Order, which in power doſt ſo excell,
That which th' one hand thou lifteſt to the ſkie,
And with the other throweſt down to hell
In thy juſt cenſures; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay ſword
For that of th' holy word.

But thou art fire, ſacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: ſhould I preſume
To wear thy habit, the ſevere attire
My ſlender compoſitions might conſume.
I am both ſoul and brittle, much unfit.
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

Yet have I often ſeen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I ſcorn'd to ſtand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilful Artiſts, for the boards of thoſe
Who make the braveſt ſhows.

But ſince thoſe great ones, be they ne're ſo great,
Come from the earth, from whence thoſe veſſels come.
So that at once both feeder, diſh, and meat
Have one beginning and one final ſum:
I do not greatly wonder at the ſight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God ſuch veſſels are
As ſerve him up, who all the world commands:
When God vouchſafeth to be come our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands;
O what pure things, moſt pure muſt thoſe things be
Who bring my God to me.

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it ſeem to ſhake
Through th' old ſins and new doctrines of our land.
Onely, ſince God doth often veſſels make
Of lowly matter for high uſes meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker ſeek
For ſome mean ſtuff whereon to ſhow his skill:
Then is my time. The diſtance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Leſt good come ſhort of ill
In praiſing might, the poor do by ſubmiſſion
What pride by oppoſition.

¶ The

¶ The Search.

WHither, O whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My ſearchers are my dayly bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the skie:
And yet the ſphere
And center both to me deny
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtars above
Simper and ſhine,
As having keyes unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

I ſent a ſigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: but my ſcout
Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having ſtore)
Into a groan,
Becauſe the ſearch was dumb before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new fabrick mold
Which favour wins,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving th' old
Unto their ſins?

Where

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals thee ſtill?
What covert dare eclipſe thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather braſs,
Or ſteel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will paſs.

Thy will ſuch an intrenching is,
As paſſeth thought:
To it all ſtrength, all ſubtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will ſuch a ſtrange diſtance is,
As that to it
Eaſt and weſt touch, the poles do kiſs,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief muſt be as large,
As is thy ſpace,
Thy diſtance from me; ſee my charge,
Lord, ſee my caſe.

O take theſe bars, theſe lengths away;
Turn, and reſtore me:
Be not Almighty, let me ſay:
Againſt, but for me.

When thou doſt turn, and wilt be near;
What edge ſo keen,
What point ſo piercing can appear
To come between?

For as thy abſence doth excell
All diſtance known:
So doth thy nearneſs bear the bell,
Making two one.

¶ Grief.

¶ Grief.

O Who will give me tears? Come all ye ſprings,
Dwel in my head and eys: come clouds and rain:
My grief hath need of all the watry things,
That nature hath produc'd. Let every vein
Suck up a river to ſupply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
Unleſſe they get new conduits, new ſupplies
To bear them out, and with my ſtate agree.
What are two ſhallow foords, two little ſpouts
Of a leſs world? the greater is but ſmall,
A narrow cupbord for my griefs and doubts,
Which want proviſion in the midſt of all.
Verſes, ye are too fine a thing, too wiſe
For my rough ſorrows: ceaſe, be dumb and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your meaſures for ſome lovers lute,
Whoſe grief allows him muſick and a rhyme:
For mine excludes both meaſure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God!

¶ The Croſs.

WHat is this ſtrange and uncouth thing
To make me ſigh, and ſeek, and faint and die,
Untill I had ſome place, where I might ſing,
And ſerve thee; and not only I,
But all my wealth and family might combine
To ſet thy honour up, as our deſigne.

And

And then when after much delay,
Much wreſtling, many a combat, this dear end,
So much deſir'd, is giv'n to take away
My power to ſerve thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my deſigns confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One Ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my ſoul (the memory
What I would do for thee, if once my groanes
Could be allow'd for harmony)
I am in all a weak diſabled thing,
Save in the ſight thereof, where ſtrength doth ſting.

Beſides, things ſort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth ſtudy thy renown:
Thou turneſt th' edge of all things on me ſtill,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my hopes ſeem to be ſped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it then when I bent my bow;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midſt of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradiſe to be a weed.

Ah my dear Father, eaſe my ſmart!
Theſe contrarieties cruſh me: theſe croſs actions
Do winde a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet ſince theſe thy contradictions
Are properly a croſs felt by thy Sonne,
With but four words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

¶ The

¶ The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart
To see their Mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither!
Many a Spring I shoot up fair,
Offring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sins and I joyning together.

But

But while I grow in a ſtrait line.
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What froſt to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou doſt turn,
And the leaſt frown of thine is ſhown?

And now in age I bud again,
After ſo many deaths I live and write,
I once more ſmell the dew and rain,
And relish verſing. O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempeſts fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us ſee we are but flow'rs that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou haſt a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through ſtore,
Forfeit their Paradiſe by their pride.

¶ Dotage.

FAlſe glozing pleaſures, casks of happineſs,
Fooliſh night-fires, womens and childrens wiſhes,
Chaſes in Arras, gilded emptineſs,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two diſhes;
These are the pleaſures here.
True earneſt ſorrows, rooted miſeries,
Anguiſh in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, ſolid calamities,
Plain demonſtrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone;
These are the ſorrows here.

But

But Oh the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
Before a court, ev'n that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Then miseries are here!

¶ The Sonne.

LEt forraign Nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coast:
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one onely name
To Parents issue and the Suns bright Star!
A Son is light and fruit: a fruitful flame
Chasing the Fathers dimness, carri'd far
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posterity.
So in one word our Lords humility
We turn upon him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We him in glory call, *The Son of Man.*

¶ A true Hymne.

MY joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
With only this, *My joy, my life, my crown!*

Yet

Yet ſlight not theſe few words:
If truly ſaid, they may take part
Among the beſt in art.
The fineneſs which a Hymne or Pſalm affords,
Is, when the ſoul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the ſoul, and ſtrength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Juſtly complains, that ſomewhat is behind
To make his Verſe, or write a Hymne in kind.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although the verſe be ſomewhat ſcant,
God doth ſupply the want:
As when th' heart ſayes (ſighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and ſtops; God writeth, *Loved.*

¶ The Anſwer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like ſnow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like ſummer friends,
Flies of eſtates and ſun-ſhine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot and undertaking,
But in my proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt bed of dirt, and means the skie;
But cooling by the way, grows purſie and ſlow,
And ſetling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark ſtate of tears: to all, that ſo
Show me, and ſet me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the reſt, know more then I.

A Dialogue-Antheme.

Christian. Death.

Chr. ALas, poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. *Alas, poor mortal, void of storie!*
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor death! and who was hurt hereby?
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst,

Dea. *Let loosers talk: yet thou shalt die:* (worst.
These arms shall crush thee. Ch. Spare not, do thy
I shall be one day better then before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more

¶ Thy Water-course.

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:

For who can look for less, that loveth { Life? / Strife? }

But rather turn the pipe and waters course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'reign tears, springing from true remorse;
That so in pureness thou mayst him adore,

Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation }

¶ Self

¶ Self-condemnation.

THou who condemneſt Jewiſh hate,
For chooſing Barrabas a murderer
Before the Lord of glory,
Look back upon th ne own eſtate,
Call home thine eye (that buſie wanderer)
That choice may be thy ſtory.

He that doth love, and love amiſs
This worlds delights before true Chriſtian joy,
Hath made a Jewiſh choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thouſands of ſoules it hath and doth deſtroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a ſorry wedding
Between his ſoul and gold, and hath preferr'd
Falſe gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath ſold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the laſt great day,
And judge our ſelves. That light which ſin & paſſion
Did before dim and choak,
When once thoſe ſnuffs are ta'n away,
Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuſe or cloak.

¶ Bitter-ſweet.

AH my dear angry Lord!
Since thou doſt love, yet ſtrike;
Caſt down, yet help a ſtord;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my sower-sweet days
I will lament, and love.

¶ The Glance.

When first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd even in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltring in sin:
I felt a sugred strange delight,
Passing all Cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway:
But still thy sweet original joy
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerful be
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full ey'd love!
When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More then a thousand suns disburse in light
In heav'n above!

¶ The

¶ The 23. Pſalm.

THe God of love my ſhepherd is
And he that doth me feed.
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender graſſe,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the ſtreams that gently paſſe:
In both I have the beſt.

Or if I ſtray, he doth convert
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my deſert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths ſhady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
To guide, thy ſtaff to bear.

Nay, thou doſt make me ſit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies ſight:
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy ſweet and wondrous love
Shall meaſure all my dayes:
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my praiſe.

Mary Magdalen.

WHen blest Mary wip'd her Saviours feet,
(whose pr. .cepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a Jewel on her head:
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stain'd her selfe, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like Seas, our sins are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
To bear her filth; and that her sins did dash
Ev'n God himself: wherefore she was not loth,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one, she washed both.

¶ Aaron.

HOliness on the head,
Light and perfections on the brest,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest;
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my brest:
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor Priest thus am I drest!

Only

Onely another head
I have another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest:
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breast,
My onely musick, striking me e'vn dead:
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest)
Come people; Aaron's drest.

¶ The Odour. 2 *Cor.* 2.

HOw sweetly doth *My Master* sound! *My Master!*
As Amber-grease leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster:
So do these words a sweet content,
An oriental fragrancy, *My Master.*

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind ev'n thrust into them both;
That I might find
What Cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little so,
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness to thee!

Then ſhould the Pomander, which was before
A ſpeaking ſweet, mend by reflexion,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it ſweeter then before.

For when *My Maſter*, which alone is ſweet,
And even in my unworthineſs pleaſing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not diſpleaſing;
That call is but the breathing of the ſweet.

This breathing would with gains by ſweetning me
(As ſweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee:
And ſo this new commerce and ſweet
Should all my life employ and buſie me.

¶ The Foil.

IF we could ſee below
The ſphere of virtue, and each ſhining grace
As plainly as that above doth ſhow;
This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made Stars the foil
To ſet off virtues, griefs to ſet off ſinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

¶ The Forerunners.

THe Harbingers are come. See, ſee their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But muſt they have my brain? muſt they diſpark
Theſe ſparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Muſt dulneſs turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art ſtill my God.*

Good

Good men ye be, to leave me my beſt room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I paſs not, I, what of the reſt become,
So, *Thou art ſtill my God*, be out of fear,
He will be pleaſed with that ditty;
And if I pleaſe him, I write fine and witty.

Farewel ſweet phraſes, lovely metaphors,
But will you leave me thus? when ye before
Of ſtews and brothels onely knew the doors,
Then did I waſh you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well dreſt and clad;
My God muſt have my beſt, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, ſugar-cane,
Honey of roſes, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath ſome fond lover tie'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a ſtie?
Fie, thou wilt ſoil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thy ſelfe, and him that ſings the note.

Let fooliſh Lovers, if they will love dung,
With Canvas, not with Arras, cloath their ſhame;
Let folly ſpeak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: ours is a flame.
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words ſhould go together.

Yet if you go, I paſs not; take your way:
For, *Thou art ſtill my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embelliſhment can ſay.
Go birds of ſpring: let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleneſs chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier, then before.

¶ The Rose.

PRess me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugred lies,
And to use a larger measure
Then my strict yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes, that look as clear
As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to say;
There are no such things to me,
Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
Unto what you now advise:
Onely take this gentle rose,
And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer then a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity disclose,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a rose;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the close.

So this flow'r doth judge and sentence
Worldly joyes to be a scourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But

But I health, not physick chuse;
Only though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse,
For my answer is a rose.

¶ Discipline.

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts desire
Unto thine is bent:
I aspire
To a full consent

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed:
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can ſcape his bow ?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs muſt work on me.

Throw away thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God :
Throw away thy wrath.

¶ The Invitation.

COme ye hither all, whoſe taſte
Is your waſte ;
Save your coſt, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the feaſt ;
God in whom all daintics are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good :
Weep what ye have drunk amiſs,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is blood.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your ſins to ſight :
Taſte and fear not : God is here
In this cheer,
And on ſin doth caſt the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your bounds :
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie:
Here is love, which having breath,
Ev'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

¶ The Banquet.

WElcome sweet and sacred cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatness passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is some star (fled from the sphere)
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin;
Flow'rs, and gums, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemy should win?

Doubtleſs neither ſtar nor flower
Hath the power
Such a ſweetneſs to impart:
Only God, who gives perfumes,
Fleſh aſſumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better ſented;
God, to ſhow how far his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is preſented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd;
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And ſo found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taſte.
But I ſtill being low and ſhort,
Far from court,
Wine becomes a wing at laſt.

For with it alone I flie
To the skie:
Where I wipe mine eyes, and ſee
What I ſeek, for what I ſue;
Him I view,
Who hath done ſo much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life:
Hea. ken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the ſtrife.

¶ The Poſie.

LEt wits conteſt,
And with their words and poſies windows fill:
Leſs then the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write:
Whether I ſing,
Or ſay, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention reſt,
Compariſons go play, Wit uſe thy will:
Leſs then the leaſt
Of all Gods mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

¶ A Parodie.

SOuls joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Becauſe thou doſt abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou doſt ſuppreſs
The cheerfulneſs
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not ſtir abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormy night
Can so afflict or so affright,
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Lest want of aw
Make sin appear;
And when thou dost but shine less clear,
Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While sin doth rave,
And falsely boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost;
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I halfe believe
That Sin sayes true: but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

¶ The Elixir.

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glaſs,
On it may ſtay his eye;
Or, if he pleaſeth, through it paſs,
And then the heav'n eſpie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be ſo mean,
Which with this tincture (*for thy ſake*)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A ſervant with this clauſe
Makes drudgery divine.
Who ſweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous ſtone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for leſs be told.

¶ A Wreath.

A Wreathed garland of deſerved praiſe,
Of praiſe deſerved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knoweſt all my ways,
My crooked winding ways wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is ſtraight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above deceit,
Then deceit ſeems above ſimplicitie.
Give me ſimplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practiſe them: then ſhall I give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praiſe.

¶ Death.

¶ Death.

DEath, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder grones:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look't on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did find
The shells of fledge souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviours death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms-day;
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust.

¶ Dooms-

¶ Dooms-day

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispring, *Live, ye brother!*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no musick feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Fleshes stubbornnes may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noysome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken consort raise,
And the musick shall be praise.

¶ Judg-

¶ Judgement.

ALmighty Judge, how ſhall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able an heart of Iron to appall,
When thou ſhalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well:
Yet I hear tell,
That ſome will turn thee to ſome leaves therein
So void of ſin,
That they in merit ſhall excell.

But I reſolve, when thou ſhalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thruſt a teſtament into thy hand;
Let that be ſcann'd:
There thou ſhalt find my faults are thine.

¶ Heaven.

O Who will ſhow me thoſe delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know,
Echo. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that ſtill abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliſs?
Echo. *Yes.*
Then tell me, what is that ſupreme delight?
Echo. *Light.*

Light

Light to the mind: what ſhall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
But are there cares and buſineſs with the pleaſure?
Echo. *Leiſure.*
Light, joy, and leiſure; but ſhall they perſever?
Echo. *Ever.*

¶ Love.

LOve bade me welcome: yet my ſoul drew back,
Guilty of duſt and ſin.
But quick-ey'd Love, obſerving me grow ſlack
From my firſt entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, ſweetly queſtioning
If I lack'd any thing.

A gueſt, I anſwer'd, worthy to be here;
Love ſaid, You ſhall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and ſmiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my ſhame
Go where it doth deſerve.
And know you not, ſayes Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will ſerve.
You muſt ſit down, ſayes Love, and taſte my meat:
So I did ſit and eat.

FINIS.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

The Church Militant.

Almighty Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one:
The smallest Ant or Atome knows thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour:
Much more do Common-wealths acknowledg thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more indear it to be thine.
Spices come from the east; so did thy Spouse,
Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noahs* shady vine, chaste as the dove;
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The course was westward, that the Sun might light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where th' Ark did rest, thence *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark to *Canaan*.
Moses purtu'd this: but King *Solomon*
Finisht and fixt the old Religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again,
But to the Gentiles he bore cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Onely whereas the Ark in glory shone,
Now with the cross, as with a staff, alone,
Religion, like a Pilgrim, westv and bent,

Knock-

Knocking at all doors ever as she went.
Yet as the Sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allowes some light,
Till all depart: so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Then the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Antony*
Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' History.
Goshen was darkness, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for Monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a Fishers net,
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a loss,
And wheel'd about again to spell *Christs-Cross*.
Prayers chas'd Syllogisms into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
Who that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warriour his dear skars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliss,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.

The

The great heart ſtoups, and taketh from the duſt
A ſad repentance, not the ſpoils of luſt;
Quitting his ſpear, leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a Scepter hard,
Giving new names and numbers to the yeare,
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them
Who were cut ſhort in *Alexanders* ſtem.
In both of theſe Proweſs and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing skill in th' one,
Or ſtrength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and ſtrugling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont) untill it flew
At length to *Germany*, ſtill weſtward bending,
And there the Churches feſtival attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no leſs Harbingers would ſerve then they)
So they might ſtil, and point us out the place (face.
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her down-caſt
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;
Then ſhowers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire ſhar'd with *Germany*,
But *England* in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a Crown to keep her ſtate,
And not go leſs then ſhe had done of late.
Conſtantines Britiſh line meant this of old,
And did this myſtery wrap up and fold
Within a ſheet of paper, which was rent
From times great Chronicle, and hither ſent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
Unto the fartheſt old meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Much about one and the ſame time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,

Sin

Sinne did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,
And travell'd westward also: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which every year did grow;
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearly a sallet lost.
Ah! what thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoreing Garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshipped his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolerie.
Thus Sinne in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;
His Highest was an Ox or Crocodile,
And such poor game. Thence he to *Greece* doth pass;
And being craftier much then Goodness was,
He left behinde him Garrisons of sins,
To make good that which ev'ry day he wins.
Here sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay he became a Poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit;
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those
Who after him should braver truths disclose.

From

From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperour.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in truſt to rule the Roman ſphere.
Glory was his chief inſtrument of old:
Pleaſure ſucceeded ſtrait, when that grew cold,
Which ſoon was blown to ſuch a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did deſtroy the game,
Diſparking oracles and all their treaſure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleaſure:
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy
Cheat the moſt ſubtill nations. Who ſo coy,
So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts
Are given over for their curious Arts,
To ſuch Mahometane ſtupidities,
As the old Heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Woe may with thee compare?
Onely the Weſt and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boaſt,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her coſt.
Sinne, being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely reſolv'd one night
To be a Church-man too, and wear A Miter:
The old debauched Ruffian would turn writer.
I ſaw him in his ſtudy, where he ſate
Buſie in controverſies ſprung of late.
A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well:
His grave Aſpect had more of Heav'n, then Hell:
Onely there was an handſome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As ſin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperour;
So now being Prieſt he plainly did profeſs
To make a jeſt of Chriſts three offices:

The

The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and sphere.
From *Egypt* he took petty deities,
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.
Then, in memorial of his ancient throne,
He did surname his palace *Babylon*.
Yet, that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations;
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchorism and retiredness,
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelines:
And blending these, he carried all mens eyes,
While truth sat by, counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All poste to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur.
Therefore he sent out able Ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors Cloisterers:
Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Popes *Mule*.
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist;
So both together are one Antichrist,
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was:
Being in this their old crackt looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

Thus

Thus Sin triumphs in Weſtern *Babylon*;
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his journey from the eaſt.
Old and new *Babylon* are to Hell and night,
As is the Moon and Sun to Heav'n and light.
When th' one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the Law and grace.
They are Hells land-marks, Satans double creſt:
They are Sins nipples, feeding th' eaſt and weſt.
But as in vice the Copy ſtill exceeds
The pattern, but not ſo in virtuous deeds;
So, though Sin made his latter ſeat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a debter.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt:
And the late reformation never durſt
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth tears.
Nay, it ſhall ev'ry year decreaſe and fade;
Till ſuch a darkneſs do the world invade
At Chriſts laſt coming, as his firſt did find:
Yet muſt there ſuch proportions be aſſign'd
To theſe diminiſhings, as is between
The ſpacious world and *Jewry* to be ſeen.
Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our land,
Ready to paſs to the *American* ſtrand.
When height of malice and prodigious luſts,
Impudent ſinning, witchcrafts, and diſtruſts
(The marks of future bane) ſhall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our meaſure up:
When *Sein* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*,
By letting in them both, pollutes her ſtreames:
When *Italy* of us ſhall have her will,
And all her Calendar of ſins fulfil;
Whereby one may foretell, what ſins next year
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:

Then

Then shall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their times of Gospel, even as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with povertie.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss:
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,
So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shal come, & sin the Church shall smother:
That when they have accomplished the round,
And met in th' east their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both & search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus also Sin and Darkness follow still
The Church and Sun withal their power and skill.
But as the Sun still goes both west and east;
So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go; because it drew more near
To time and place, where judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

L' Envoy.

¶ L' Envoy.

KIng of Glory, King of Peace,
With the one make war to ceaſe,
With the other bleſs thy ſheep,
Thee to love, in thee to ſleep.
Let not Sin devour thy fold,
Bragging that thy blood is cold,
That thy death is alſo dead,
While his conqueſts daily ſpread;
That thy fleſh hath loſt his food,
And thy Croſs is common wood.
Choke him, let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his breath in ſtore,
Till thy conqueſts and his fall
Make his ſighs to uſe it all,
And then bargain with the wind
To diſcharge what is behind.

Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One.

FINIS.

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